

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

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EDITORIAL

SPRINGFIELD SUN, ROGERS GORE, EDITOR

"WOE TO HIM THAT BUILDETH A TOWN WITH BLOOD, AND STABILIZETH A CITY BY INIQUITY."

Primary election next Saturday.
Democrats, vote next Saturday.

The sale of the burley tobacco by the tobacco organization last Thursday in Louisville, in which the tobacco trust paid to the organization \$12,000,000 for 70,000,000 pounds of the 1906 and 1907 crops, marked the end of a bitter war, and recorded the greatest victory ever won by an organization over millions of money.

The consummation of the deal shows what the farmers of the country can do when they stand together, and conduct their affairs in a business way.

It is a great victory—made all the more greater because of the numerous obstacles in the way of the organization. The greatest blow that could have possibly been dealt to the tobacco organization came through night riders and night riding. These lawless bands did more to retard the progress of the tobacco movement than all other combined agencies. They were as a steel grip at the throat of the organization—as a mighty weight about its neck in the raging torments.

To become permanent the organization must combat the night rider—it must endeavor in every possible way to destroy lawlessness of this nature.

The Sun congratulates the men who have battled unceasingly, and who have won the victory.

On next Saturday, Nov. 28, a Democratic primary election will be held in Washington county to nominate candidates for Sheriff, Assessor and Jailor, nominations for other county offices having been made by the County Committee. Upon the ballot to be voted next Saturday will appear the names of A. C. Kimball and S. J. Anderson, for Sheriff; C. N. Willett and W. T. Mitchell, for Assessor, and Richard Riley and G. D. Catlett, for Jailor.

Every Democrat in the county should go to the polls and vote for the candidate of his choice. When the result is announced we should all go to work for the nominees. The ticket will be a clean one, it matters not who is nominated on next Saturday, and there will be no excuse for a Democrat becoming dissatisfied.

The Louisville Evening Post is having internal pains because Col. John Whalen assisted in organizing the Democratic committees of Louisville and Jefferson county last Saturday. The meetings were harmonious throughout the city and county. No man worked harder to harmonize, to bring all factions together, than Col. Whalen, and to his political sagacity and sound "business sense" is largely due the credit for a united Democratic party in Louisville. The Post had hoped that Col. Whalen would not "mix up in it," and that during the next year he would "lay low and say nothing," thereby guaranteeing to the Republicans another city administration, but when Col. Whalen became active in an effort to harmonize the Democracy of Jefferson county, the Post at once bit itself and proceeded to have one of its spells of rearing up and falling back wards.

Judge Chas. E. Booe, Claim Clerk in the Auditor's office under the late Gus Coulter and Judge S. W. Hager, and continued in office by Auditor James, is \$25,000 short in his accounts. In a systematic way he has been stealing from the State for several years.

Until the recent shortage discoveries Judge Booe was considered one of the officials the State ever had. His friends were numerous. He was admired by all because of his generosity. He was an Elder in the Christian church, and was looked upon as an honest

BRYAN'S PLURALITY IN KENTUCKY 8,909

The Official Vote As Received by The Secretary of State, With One Precinct Missing in Johnson County.

DEMOCRATS CARRIED SEVENTY COUNTIES.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 21.—Secretary of State Ben L. Bruner last night received the official vote for the presidential tickets from Johnson county, and was enabled to make up a complete tabulation of the 119 counties of the State from the official returns. There is one precinct missing in Johnson, at an isolated point, but it is not thought that the State Board of Election Commissioners will wait for it to come in, when they meet Monday to canvass the returns.

The official returns show that Bryan's plurality over Taft in the State is 8,909. The official vote cast for the presidential tickets by counties shows that the Democrats carried seventy counties out of the 119, leaving forty-nine for the Republicans. The complete official vote by counties is as follows:

Counties	Dem. Vote.	Rep. Vote.	Counties	Dem. Vote.	Rep. Vote.
Adair.....	1,429	1,872	Knox.....	657	2,988
Allen.....	1,402	1,922	LaRue.....	1,337	2,029
Anderson.....	1,477	1,049	Laurel.....	1,165	2,384
Ballard.....	2,117	1,049	Lawrence.....	1,578	2,098
Barren.....	3,145	766	Lee.....	783	1,171
Bath.....	1,754	2,308	Leslie.....	95	1,389
Bell.....	925	1,471	Letcher.....	478	1,158
Benton.....	2,041	2,815	Lewis.....	1,938	2,549
Bourbon.....	2,508	631	Lincoln.....	1,994	1,851
Boyd.....	1,950	2,312	Livinston.....	1,183	997
Boyle.....	1,787	808	Logan.....	3,114	2,325
Bracken.....	1,610	1,485	Lyon.....	1,001	759
Breathitt.....	1,567	1,100	Madison.....	3,065	3,191
Breckinridge.....	2,090	1,620	Macon.....	7,005	1,645
Bullitt.....	1,409	2,603	Magoffin.....	2,003	1,211
Butler.....	1,012	726	Marshall.....	1,852	1,217
Caldwell.....	1,541	2,328	Martin.....	940	1,042
Callaway.....	3,024	1,517	Martin.....	2,675	2,136
Campbell.....	6,813	808	McCracken.....	717	2,496
Carlisle.....	1,625	7,025	McLean.....	1,430	1,819
Carr.....	1,514	482	Meade.....	1,295	863
Casey.....	1,191	346	Menifee.....	833	451
Christian.....	3,120	2,619	Mercer.....	1,747	1,581
Claiborne.....	2,513	1,878	Metcalf.....	968	1,311
Clay.....	891	4,618	Monroe.....	770	1,881
Clinton.....	330	1,859	Montgomery.....	1,549	1,936
Crittenden.....	1,309	1,391	Morgan.....	2,018	1,490
Cumberland.....	1,541	1,082	Muhlenberg.....	2,740	3,063
Daviess.....	2,513	1,714	Nelson.....	2,452	1,436
Edmonson.....	858	1,172	Nicholas.....	1,728	1,086
Elliot.....	1,159	1,291	Ohio.....	2,785	3,357
Estill.....	1,541	618	Owen.....	2,252	735
Fayette.....	5,247	1,938	Owsley.....	224	1,240
Fleming.....	2,057	4,748	Pendleton.....	1,543	1,177
Floyd.....	1,601	1,984	Perry.....	824	1,274
Franklin.....	1,705	1,557	Pike.....	2,208	3,467
Gallatin.....	958	1,391	Powell.....	739	699
Garrard.....	1,259	636	Pulaski.....	2,460	4,483
Grant.....	1,950	321	Robertson.....	688	398
Graves.....	4,952	1,578	Rockcastle.....	962	1,816
Grayson.....	1,884	4,748	Russell.....	1,017	1,257
Green.....	1,167	1,744	Russell.....	780	1,255
Greene.....	1,441	2,360	Scott.....	2,476	1,784
Hancock.....	868	1,337	Shelby.....	2,742	1,823
Hardin.....	3,010	2,142	Simmons.....	1,175	563
Harlan.....	522	1,052	Spencer.....	1,714	913
Harrison.....	2,574	1,913	Taylor.....	1,294	1,218
Hart.....	1,796	1,392	Todd.....	1,908	1,555
Henderson.....	3,735	1,791	Trigg.....	1,880	1,351
Henry.....	2,253	1,950	Trimble.....	1,222	344
Hickman.....	1,290	2,528	Union.....	2,781	1,312
Hopkins.....	3,721	1,358	Warren.....	3,742	2,929
Jackson.....	232	1,658	Washington.....	1,615	1,515
Jefferson.....	25,186	3,315	Wayne.....	1,436	1,936
Jessamine.....	1,574	1,851	Water.....	2,491	1,828
Johnson.....	895	27,180	Whitley.....	1,101	4,023
Kenton.....	8,683	1,271	Wolfe.....	1,101	818
Knox.....	1,110	2,220	Woodford.....	1,690	1,389
		6,431			
		576	Total.....	244,243	235,334

With the tabulation completed of the presidential vote, Secretary of State Bruner had a force of his men working until a late hour last night on a tabulation of the vote by counties in the eleven congressional districts of the State. The First and Eleventh districts, which return the largest majorities for the two leading parties, were completed last night, the vote in these two districts standing:

District.	Dem.	Rep.	Majority.
First.....	28,006	15,837	12,169
Eleventh.....	15,522	38,064	22,542

It was remarked as unique that the First district should show almost exactly the same Republican vote as the Eleventh district does Democratic and that the Republican strength in the Eleventh district is almost exactly ten thousand greater than the Democratic in the First.

The official vote in the Congressional races was completed today. With the exception of the Tenth, Johnson county's vote for Langley and Davis being missing, the figures show the following pluralities: First district—James, Democrat, 12,024; Second—Stanley, Democrat, 4,018; Third—Thomas, Democrat, 456; Fourth—Johnson, Democrat, 3,093; Fifth—Sherley, Democrat, 2,440; Sixth—Rhinoek, Democrat, 5,888; Seventh—Cantrill, Democrat, 6,451; Eighth—Helm, Democrat, 1,676; Ninth—Bennet, Republican, 725; Eleventh—Edwards, Republican, 21,344.

est and honorable gentleman. He did not use intoxicants, and his life, apparently, was exemplary. Therefore, his conduct can not be excused because of "drink" or riotous living. He is a common forger—an embezzler of the people's money. The cloak of charity is placed about his unhappy family, and in the heart of every Kentuckian there is an abundance of sympathy for these unfortunate ones, but upon the perpetrator of theft—upon him who has disgraced his family, embarrassed his friends and betrayed the political party that honored and trusted him, there should be little sympathy wasted.

Primary Saturday.

to. She was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church and she died in its faith and fellowship.

WHIRLWIND

CAMPAIGN

For Education in Kentucky.—Nine Days, November 28, 1908, To December 6, 1908.

Every trustee; every teacher; every parent; every patriotic man and woman—all are urged to be present at the School Rally at the Presbyterian church, Springfield, Sunday, Nov. 29, at 11 a. m., and at the Baptist church, Mackville, Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7 p. m.

Every one who is interested in the cause of education should avail himself of the opportunity to be present at one or both of these meetings.

The State Superintendent has arranged to have a number of speakers to visit every county in the State within the next few days. Prof. J. S. Dickey, of Bowling Green, has been assigned to make two addresses in Washington county—one at Springfield and the other at Mackville. Prof. Dickey is one of the strongest and most enthusiastic men in the State and should be greeted by a full house at both places. He is a very entertaining talker, as well as one of the most practical organizers that we have.

Trustees, teachers and school officers are especially urged to attend these meetings.

"No Man Liveth to Himself."

The man was dying. His landlady, kindly soul, had sent for the minister and when the sick man heard a step on the stairs he strove through the agony of almost insupportable pain to unclench his hands and smooth his brow. As the person—squat-figured and plain-faced—entered, the man smiled a twisted smile.

"Ah, padre, old chap, come to speed the parting guest, eh? I'm afraid I'm not a very promising subject for your ministrations."

But the clergyman, too, was a man, so wasted no time beating about the bush, and came straight to the point. "No! I'm not here to-night to preach, but—well, I've known each other some time, and lately I've come to look on you as a friend"—here the man turned his head away and grinned quietly at the cheap wall paper—"how is it between you and your God?"

The man raised himself in the bed. "Look here," he said. "I have lived my life without Him, and am I now to go to Him, who I have defied, whining for mercy? I have lived alone and I die alone. Do you?"

He fell back in a fresh paroxysm of torture; the bedstead quivered like the shaft of a racing screw under the grip of one hand, while with the other he fiercely motioned his visitor to depart. The latter, seeing his presence was, for the moment, useless, retired—to spend long hours of the night on his knees in the lonely vicarage agonizing for the soul of one he loved. When he called next morning the end had come.

The long agony was over and the naked soul was alone.

Only vast silence and illimitable space. The man stood erect and cried: "God! God! See me! Know me! Throughout my life on earth, I have transgressed thy laws, knowing thy will and thy power. Judge me. Cast me to the hell Thou hast devised for me, and try whether, through all thy tortures, the creature will not mock at the Creator. Here, a man, I stand before the Almighty for judgment, alone!"

There came no voice no stirring of the calm, clear depths, but the man was shaken by the question: "Art thou alone?"

Suddenly there came pressing on him from every side presences, faces. The face of a gentle lady, who, through all, had loved her boy—the face of a stern, gray-haired man, hoping ever for the son of his body—the sweet face of a brave girl,esting out her heart in lonely, trustful longing for the one she loved—men's faces, full of belief in the bright promise and friendship of the college days—children's faces—the brown eyes of faithful dogs—these all oppressed him, thronged around him, while through his being swept the words:

"For no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself!" Through space the cry rang out: "Have mercy, oh, God!"—Ex.

BIG SALE OF BURLEY TOBACCO

The Trust Buys 70,000,000 Pounds at \$12,000,000 From the Burley Organization.

Louisville Times: When with the same pen late Thursday afternoon R. K. Smith, representing the American Tobacco Company, and Clarence LeBus, president of the Burley Tobacco Growers, signed the announcement that the company had purchased 70,000,000 pounds of the 1906 and 1907 pooled tobacco for a price that would approximate \$12,000,000, the long tobacco war in the Burley producing section of Kentucky came to an end and the biggest deal ever made in leaf tobacco was closed. The announcement that the deal had been made was published exclusively in The Times Thursday afternoon, and even before the conference adjourned. The Times gave the first news of the pending negotiations and gave the only news as to the difference between the company and the growers. Yesterday it gave exclusively the amount of tobacco sold and the price it brought.

The sale of so much tobacco means much more than that a stream of yellow gold will flow into the pockets of the planters of the fifty-five counties in the Burley section. It means that law and order will be restored in the State and that no more tobacco will be grown at the muzzle of a shotgun, at least in the Burley country. It means the perpetuation of the Burley Tobacco Society. It means that hundreds of banks throughout the country will receive money in loans outstanding for two years. It means the dawn of a new era of prosperity in Kentucky. From the viewpoint of the American Tobacco Company, the deal will have the effect of replenishing its stock of Burley tobacco that feeds all the big manufacturing plants here, in St. Louis and at other points where plug and smoking is turned out by the million pounds to meet an ever-increasing demand.

The Burley Tobacco Society claims to have in the pool about 80,000,000 pounds of 1907 tobacco. Seventy-five per cent of this will mean that approximately 60,000,000 pounds of the 1907 crop will change hands at scaling prices, according to the merit of the leaf, but the requirement being that the prices must average seventeen cents a pound. This will bring about \$10,000,000. There are between 13,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds of the 1906 pooled tobacco. Therefore, 75 per cent of this at twenty and one-half cents a pound will bring about \$22,000,000 and slightly over, making a total of \$12,000,000. The proceeds may exceed this slightly, but it is said that it will not be under it.

It develops that the chief contention before the conference of the tobacco growers and the American company Thursday night was as to whether the American Tobacco Company should pay \$3 in "outage fees" on every hogshead of tobacco purchased by the company. One of the iron-clad articles in the organization of the Burley Tobacco Society is the one requiring any purchaser of pooled tobacco to pay to the society \$3 an outage for every hogshead of tobacco bought.

The American company did not care to pay this and fought it to the last ditch. LeBus and the growers stood pat, and the company finally yielded. It will pay \$3 for every hogshead in addition to the money to be paid for the tobacco, and this will approximate \$800,000. This money, so it is said, goes to pay warehouse charges and maintaining the society.

President Clarence LeBus has called a meeting of the Executive Board of the Burley Tobacco Society to be held at Winchester next Tuesday morning, November 24, at 9 o'clock. He has also addressed telegrams and sent registered letters to all independent tobacco manufacturers advising them to be on hand promptly at 9 o'clock if they want to buy tobacco.

The independents are a blue lot. They are wondering where they are going to "get off." Last night N. W. Dillon, of Detroit, Mich., the largest independent manufacturer in the country, rushed up to President LeBus and seized him by the coat said: "LeBus, tell me, can we get any tobacco?" "Of course, you can," he replied. "We have saved it for you." But the independents are uneasy. In the first

place they are worried relative to the amount left in the pool and in the second place they are alarmed over the prices that may govern. However, it is said, the growers will sell to the independents at the same price they sold to the American Company. They say they do not know whether the tobacco remaining in the 1906 and 1907 pools and the "shotgun crop" of 1908 will be enough to supply their wants. Some estimate all of the burley tobacco remaining at 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 pounds, but inasmuch as the 1908 crop is outside the pool the independents will have to bid for it on the breaks against the American Tobacco Company.

The independents declare that the American Company wanted all the tobacco in the pool and wanted to swallow the whole amount at one gulp. Some are not so sure yet but that only a few crumbs are left.

However, it is said to say that whatever is left will be sold at Winchester Tuesday and whatever prices the growers want will be realized. This will bring the total receipts up to about \$15,000,000 or \$16,000,000, if not more. The warehouses here and in Cincinnati claim not to be affected, but it is not believed that the deal meant any good for any of the middle men in the tobacco trade.

Independent's Buy

Winchester, Ky., Nov. 24.—The independent manufacturers, after dickering all day with the Burley Tobacco Society, finally concluded a deal with them to-night by which they purchased the remaining 20,000,000 pounds of the Society's pools of the 1906 and 1907 crops, amounting to about \$3,750,000, at the same prices which were given recently by the American Tobacco Company for three-fourths of the pools, of about 60,000,000 pounds, at an average price of about 19 cents per pound.

NEW COMMITTEE

Joe Polin Elected Chairman and Frank Noe Secretary.

The Washington County Democratic Committee was re-organized last Saturday, conventions having been held in the following voting precinct.

Fredericktown, Geo. Edelen.
Williamsburg, Jack Sharp.
Hendricks, W. L. Graham.
Mackville, Gillispie.
Pottsville, Wm. Milburn.
Springfield, No. 8, Frank Noe.
Springfield, No. 9, Marion Cecil.
Springfield, No. 10, Theo. Campbell.
Kelly Shop, B. B. Leachman.
Brush Grove, Robert Thompson.
North, Geo. Bowen.

On last Monday the Committee met in Springfield and organized by electing Mr. Joe Polin, Chairman, and Mr. Frank Noe, Secretary. These selections are good ones and will prove satisfactory to all Democrats. Mr. Polin and Mr. Noe are both strong, active young Democrats and will serve the party well. The Committee is composed of active party men. The Democracy of Washington county is to be congratulated upon its selection.

There was no friction or dissatisfaction in any of the precinct conventions. In fact there was no opposition to any of the men proposed and each committeeman was chosen by acclamation. This is also true in the election of a Chairman and Secretary.

Stable Burned.

On last Wednesday afternoon fire broke out in the hay loft of Mr. J. L. Barber's stable on High street and for a short time threatened to be a serious one, but the timely aid of the fire department soon brought the flames under control, after burning several bales of hay and the upper portion of the stable. Had it not been for the stable roofing which confined the flames within the loft, the extent of the fire cannot be told. This prevented its spreading until the department arrived. The origin of the fire is unknown.

LOOK!

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

The Cost of \$1,000 Insurance

In the Business Men's Life Insurance Company,
of Louisville, Ky.

AGE.		AGE.		AGE.	
20	\$9.15	32	\$9.85	44	\$12.11
21	9.15	33	9.97	45	12.47
22	9.20	34	10.06	46	12.93
23	9.25	35	10.19	47	13.35
24	9.30	36	10.33	48	13.90
25	9.35	37	10.46	49	14.55
26	9.40	38	10.64	50	15.32
27	9.48	39	10.83	51	16.15
28	9.53	40	11.03	52	17.09
29	9.62	41	11.25	53	18.14
30	9.68	42	11.50	54	19.34
31	9.76	43	11.78	55	20.68

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL ON

Business Men's Life Insurance Co., Louisville, Ky., or

Lee VanArsdale, Springfield, Ky.

SYCAMORE VALLEY.

We have had a good rain which was very much needed.

Farmers are busy stripping tobacco. Most of them have sold their crops. The new pipe has been completed. Solomon Kays is on the sick list with rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Gillispie, of Harrodsburg, were the pleasant guests of Mr. Gillispie's sister, Mrs. B. H. McIlvoy, last week.

Erastus Shields, who has been spending the summer in Illinois, has returned home.

The series of meetings, which have been going on for the past two weeks at Allaboro, closed Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Perkins spent Saturday night with Mrs. Perkins' parents.

Miss Margie Bonta spent from Friday until Monday with her parents at Mt. Zion.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. McIlvoy spent on day last week with their daughter, Zelma, at Mt. Zion.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Sales entertained November 11 in honor of their son's, Rodman, ninth birthday. Those present were: Miss Margie Bonta, Mesdames J. S. Inman, Will Bowles and J. D. Sutherland. Quite an enjoyable day was spent.

John C. Settle spent several days last week with Dr. and Mrs. Oscar Shewmaker, of Fox Creek.

Mesdames Bud Gillispie and B. H. McIlvoy spent Thursday with J. S. Inman and family.

Less Settles spent Saturday night with T. W. Sutherland.

Mrs. Tom Bailey spent one day last week with Mrs. J. D. Sutherland.

The sick are all better at this writing.

Mrs. Otis Harmon and two sons, Delmas and Loren, spent Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. J. D. Sutherland.

Mr. Tom Baker was called to Mackville Saturday by the death of his aunt, Mrs. Seeneey.

How is Your Digestion?

Mrs. Mary Dowling, of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market today." This great tonic and alterative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c. at Haydon & Robertson's drug store.

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SALE BILLS
AND PRINT THEM RIGHT**

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Anything and everything in the way of high-grade commercial printing. Our assortment of job type is complete, our press facilities of the best, and our workmen true typographical artists. This tells all the story of our facilities for doing job printing of the right kind at the right prices.

Cards Envelopes Bill Heads Statements Letter Heads

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**LOOK
AT
THESE!**

Cheaper Than You Can Build a House!

No. 101.—60 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good pike, good 5 room dwelling, good stock barn, good orchard, all under good fence. One-fourth mile from school and one mile from church. Price, \$1,800.

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B. D. LAKE, The Real Estate Man, Springfield, Ky.

A Dollar

Kept with the home merchant it is a messenger of continuous benefit. Business men should awake to the importance of keeping this dollar at home and make a bid for it by judicious advertising.

The Squatter.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

One day when Pop Jackson, the squatter, was sitting in the sunshine with his back against the wall of his pole cabin an event happened. Events had happened in his life before, but nothing to compare with this. A gang of half a dozen men were cossing his head. He had squatted on the land twenty years before and therefore called it his. One of the men was squinting through a surveyor's instrument, others were using a chain, and still others were cutting down brush and driving stakes. Pop got to his feet and rubbed his eyes and scratched the back of his head. Then he exclaimed to himself, "Dawg gone my cat!" and sauntered down to the strangers and asked of one of them:

"Now, then, what you all doin' yere?"

"Surveyin'" was the brief reply.

"What fur?"

"A railroad."

"One o' them things that hoots and draws kyars behind 'em?"

"Yes."

"Then git off'n my ajuat! You all can't build no railroad yere. I don't want the hootin', and I won't have it."

The men laughed at him, and he went to the cabin and got his gun and threatened them. For this he was arrested and given three months in jail.

His old wife and his son Joe took it philosophically.

"Got him in jail, hev they?" queried the wife when she heard the outcome of the trial. "Waal, he won't git his feet wet in thar, and mebbe the whiskey 'll be better."

When Pop came out of jail they were building the road across his land. He sat down in his old place in the ramshackle and glowered and muttered, and his son Joe came along and said:

"No use, Pop. Them railroad folks are too hefty fur you. That hooter's bound to cum along fur shore."

"But have I ever done anything to the railroad?" demanded the father.

"Reckon not."

"Then wad do they want to come along yere bustin' up my peace o' mind fur?"

"Can't say, pop, only they are comin'."

"Not if I know it, Joe; not if I know it! I'm a man as has got to have a chance to think, and how 'm I goin' to think with a hooter a-hootin' along yere? I'm a-tellin' you, my son, that it's got to be stopped."

"You hail hefty 'nuff, pop."

Pop went down to where they were laying and spiking the rails and said that if work did not cease at once he would kill a man. A constable was at hand to arrest him, and he was taken to town for another trial. This time he got a year in jail.

"What fur?" he asked the judge.

"For interfering with the railroad and making threats."

"But didn't the railroad interfere with me first?"

"As to how?"

"An' to bustin' up my chance fur thinkin', Jedge. I'm a man what thinks. I've got to think. I've got to sort down with my back to the cabin and think a mighty heap. I've alius had to do it, and now if this dinged hooter is comin' along yere to bust me up I might as well hang myself."

"What do you think of?"

"Of how to git whiskey and terbacker and bacon and meal."

When the boy came home from the trial the wife and mother asked no questions for an hour. Then she carelessly queried:

"How much this time?"

"A year."

"Reckon Pop is gainin' on it."

When pop had served two months of his sentence he broke jail and came home. He arrived at night. As he entered the cabin his wife awoke and called out:

"That you, pop?"

"Yes."

"What ye doin' out'er jail?"

"Goin' to hide away in the woods?"

"Can't say. Don't talk to me any mo', fur I'm dog tired."

"Powerful better for your size, pop," said Joe as he awoke, "but ye hailn't hefty 'nuff. Better let 'em alone."

When morning came pop ate his breakfast and said little. Then he departed for his thinking log in the woods. It was almost noon when he returned to take down his ride from his hooks.

"Better let it alone, pop," cautioned Jim.

"Shoo, but how cantankerous!" whistled the wife.

Pop walked down on the tracks on which trains were running regularly. He took his stand between the rails in full sight of the cabin, and his wife and son came out to see. No word was spoken between them. After ten minutes they heard a passenger train whistling at the highway crossing a mile below. Then came the rumble of wheels and a sight of the train itself. As it came into view pop drew his rifle to his face and stood like a rock. The "hooter" booted at him. As the engine drew nearer the engineer whistled for brakes. The train had only slightly reduced its speed when pop was struck and buried thirty feet high and on to one side. The mother and son walked down to the spot as the train passed on. When they gathered about the old man the mother said:

"Dawg gae it, but why didn't he have sense?"

"Mighty hefty man, but not hefty 'nuff fur a railroad!" added Joe as he turned to look after the disappearing train.

M. QUAD.

LOLUST GROVE.

Mrs. Belle Kayes is spending several weeks with Mrs. Ella Litsay.

Mrs. Ora Merritt and children spent Friday and Saturday with Mrs. Annie Smock at Springfield.

Misses Sue Edgerton and Fanny Litsay are visiting friends and relatives at Harrodsburg.

Several from here attended the supper at Mrs. Alice Thompson's Friday night.

Messrs. Erastus Shields, Carl and Johnnie Walls have returned from Illinois, where they have been for some time.

Mesdames A. L. Litsay and Belle Kayes spent Wednesday with Mrs. Julia Leachman.

Mr. Cal Shewmaker was the guest of Mr. Decatur Drago Sunday.

Mrs. Katie Hopper and Ellen Gregory spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Belle Birch.

Mr. Sanford Logsdon, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting the family of his uncle, A. L. Litsay.

Mr. Ed Downey spent Saturday night with Dave Fitz.

Mr. G. H. Ballard, of Corbin, spent several days last week with the family of J. S. Leachman.

Rev. A. C. Pinkston closed a series of meetings at Hillsboro Sunday night.

Mrs. Lizzie Reed and Mattie Drago visited Mrs. Julia Leachman one day last week.

Mrs. Nan Scott was the guest of Tom and Sabe Coulter Sunday.

Another Scarce.

"I had a mighty narrow escape yesterday," said the timid man. "A scuttling man informed me that my well had germs in it."

"And you drank some of the water?"

"Worse than that. I went to investigate, fell in and was nearly drowned."

—Minneapolis Journal.

Cheated of Her Right.
"I do not like to cook," said she. "For serving I've no taste."

"I have it, as you see, and I've a slender waist. And I've soon become the rage if I were only on the stage."

"Typewriting I detect," she said. "It's such confining work. I'd hate to have to earn my bread And utter as a clerk."

"I just despise this cashier's cage. 'Twould be so lovely on the stage!"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Way She Does It.
"Mrs. Clymer is a model housewife in one way."

"What is that?"

"By dint of giving her dinners, teas and receptions to the reporters she manages always to keep her house in print."—Baltimore American.

A First Class Front.
Though you feel like laying right on the slab

When you've taken a solar plexus jab, It's the proper thing and a dead game stunt To try to put up a first class front.

You've troubles, of course, but so's your pal And you needn't blub like a baby gal For you won't get sympathy, but the blunt Unless you put up a first class front. —Kansas City Times.

The Answer Finally.
Interlocutor:—To eliminate the usual tedious circumlocutory repetition, Mr. Bones, once for all, when is a door not a door?

Bones:—To paraphrase the proverbial reply, Mr. Hamilton, when it's a humidor.—Puck.

The Game of Hearts.
She toys with hearts, and yet she plays Her hand with utmost care, That not one card shall slip in wrong And lose the chance to pair.

And when the game of hearts is done She has her well-earned token, For broken all the hearts she could Before her own.—New York Times.

Rheumatism
Do you want to get rid of it? If so, take Dr. Miles' Nervine modified as directed in pamphlet around bottle. In addition to the direct curative properties it has a soothing effect upon the nervous system by which the rheumatic pains are controlled, and rest and sleep assured. It has made many cures of this painful disease, some of them after years of suffering. If it will cure others why not you. If your case is complicated, write us for advice, it costs you nothing and may save you prolonged suffering.

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SPRINGFIELD, NEAR THE BLOOMFIELD PIKE, ON

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, '08

SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION THE FOLLOWING LIVE STOCK:

Six finely bred brood Mares
Two work Horses, 5-years-old
Two 2-year-old Colts,
...Sired by Chester Dare.
2 Colts, 1 yearling and 1 2-years-old
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Two 2-year-old Fillies,
...Sired by Chester Dare.
Two aged Mules

Two 2-year-old mare mules
1 weanling mule. 1 yearling mule
One Jennet, 2-years-old
One aged Jennet and Jack colt
One black Jennet, 3-years-old
5 milk Cows. 2 yearling steers
Six Heifers. Forty Hogs
Forty Seven Sheep.

SALE TO BEGIN AT 10 A. M.

DINNER WILL BE PREPARED FOR ALL WHO ATTEND THE SALE.

Terms of Sale: All sales for \$10.00 and over will be on a credit of 12 months with interest from date of sale; under \$10.00 for cash. The purchaser will be required to execute notes with good personal security and negotiable and payable at the Peoples Deposit Bank. No article will be removed from the premises until the terms of the sale are complied with.

Mrs. JOHN W. KELLY

HAPPY HOLLOW.

We are having some warm weather at present.
Mrs. John Armstrong and daughter, Mrs. Flossie Perkins, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. J. M. Shields.
Mr. Solomon Kays and family spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Bob Robertson.
Mr. M. C. Keeling and family spent Saturday and Sunday with his father, Mr. George Keeling and family, of near Williamsburg.
Mrs. J. S. Thomas and little daughter, Flossie, attended meeting at Pleasant Grove Sunday.
Miss Lillian Leachman spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Effie Coulter, of near this place.
Mr. Erastus Perkins and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with her father, Mr. John Armstrong and family.
Mr. Steve Sparrow is on the sick list this week.
Mr. Erastus Shields has returned home, after a six months' visit to his uncle, Mr. George Shields, of Illinois.
We are proud to say the new pike is finished on Mays Creek and it looks like a different road.
Mr. Gilbert Chesser spent from Wednesday until Saturday with the family of Mr. Solomon Kays, at this place.
Little Mary and Clifton Thomas are able to be out again.
Mr. Tolly Griffy and family spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. Griffy's father, Mr. J. M. Shields and family, of this place.
Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Pinkston dined at the home of Mr. John Armstrong

Mrs. J. M. Shields and children and Mrs. Tolly Griffy and little daughter dined at the home of Mr. Sabo Coulter. Mr. Steve Sparrow bought a horse from Mr. George Keeling; price \$110. Messrs. Carl and Ray Walls have returned home, after a several months visit in Illinois with their uncle, Mr. George Hohn.

Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry, of Panama, Mo. The world has had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, la grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Hayden & Robertson's drug store, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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Did You Ever Notice?
Oh, laugh, ye merry punsters, because woman cannot nail! But there are always two sides to every little tale. It may be a man cannot nail or tack to hold things tight. But what man in creation can pin anything just right? —Pittsburg Post.

The Only Way.
"It's dangerous to go swimming after meals."
"Yes. But seals and sharks and such can't get meals any other way." —Cleveland Leader.

His Loss.
He had no use for knockers—Only optimists could win—And when Opportunity knocked one day He wouldn't let her in. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Instructive.
"Your friend is a literary authority is he? Has he ever done constructive work?"
"No; destructive. He's a book reviewer." —Outlook.

Improvement.
Now when some foemen bids you squint A paralytic polite is heard; The long and scientific term Has shamed the short and ugly word. —Washington Star.

More Expensive.
"Two can live as cheaply as one."
"Can they?"
"Don't you think so?"
"Depends on whether it is a wife or an affinity." —

Retired.
Said a quaint young fellow named Sunny, "Perhaps it will strike you quite funny, But when a man goes to bed With his ash 'neath his head Has he retired on his money?" —New York Press.

Got Him All Right.
Guide (as city sport blazes away at deep)—Did you get him?
Cholly Seaver—You bet I did. Can't you hear him yelling and cursing?—Puck.

Cause and Effect.
He's growing cold into his loves, For Christmas draweth near, And he whom beauty's tooth on Hath not so much to fear. —New York Evening Sun.

Sure Sign.
Gunner—Did your uncle reach a green old age?
Guyer—I should say so. He bought a green hat.—Kansas City Times.

Utopia.
If each man were to all men What he wants all men to be To him, then what a happy And a joyful world we'd see! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

About the Size of It.
Hyker—Money is a conundrum.
Fryer—What's the answer?
Hyker—Everybody has to give it up. —Chicago Labor.

Great Labor Saver.
In days of old the self made man His own horn loud would blow, But now he buys a phonograph, Winds it up and lets it go. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Jawkins of Green Lane

A Boy's Thanksgiving

By FRANK H. SWEET
Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association



IT was Thanksgiving day, and the boy was standing in the doorway watching papa and mamma get into the carriage. They were going away, though they did not want to go at all, and the boy had to stay at home, though he wanted to go. Things sometimes happen so.

Papa and mamma had to dine with Aunt Briggs because she was ninety years old and all alone, and Aunt Briggs did not like little boys. So papa and mamma looked very sad as they kissed their hands for goodbye, and when the boy saw that he tried to look as if he liked to be left behind and smiled and kissed his hand to them very cheerfully.

But after they were gone he felt very solitary, so he thought he would go and feed his guinea pigs. He also gave bits of cabbage to the snails that lived down by the fence. He was sure they must be very hungry because the things they used to eat were all gone. "Here is your Thanksgiving dinner, snails," he said gravely. "You are thieves, you know, because you used to eat the peas and the celery, but I suppose you get hungry just the same." The snails said nothing, but perhaps they were grateful.

Two boys were fighting for an apple out in the street, and presently the bigger boy got it away from the smaller one, and the smaller one cried "Here, hi!" said the boy to the one who had lost the apple. "Wait a minute!" He ran to the kitchen and brought back a great, round, rosy apple three times as big as the one for which the boys had been fighting. "Take this!" he said to the little boy. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I be!" said the boy, who was very ragged and still barefooted, although it was cold.

"But you will have your Thanksgiving dinner soon, won't you?" asked the boy.

The other nodded. "Salt fish and taters," he said.

Our boy looked very serious. "No turkey?" he asked.

"Well, I guess not!" said the other, whose name was Timmy Jawkins. "Thank ye," he added gruffly. "I'm going to give it to Sis. She can't eat salt fish."

And he went off, rubbing the apple on the sleeve of his grimy jacket.

The boy looked after him with a troubled face. He knew that this boy lived in a little house grottoed down the Green Lane, that he had five brothers and sisters and that his mother was very poor. He was still thinking about them when the bell-rang for dinner.

When Mary brought in the turkey it looked almost big enough to carry her instead. It was like a brown mountain, all smoking hot and smelling oh, so good! And it puffed out its breast and held its arms and legs close to its sides and looked as proud as if it were still strutting majestically about the farmer's barnyard.

Cousin Sarah carried it and gave the boy the drumsticks, which he liked the best, and took a piece of the breast herself, but that seemed to make very little impression on the great turkey.

The boy was silent for awhile, for he was hungry and the drumsticks were very good. Presently, however, he said, "Cousin Sarah, mustn't people give thanks when they haven't anything to give thanks for?"

"Why, what do you mean, dear boy? Every one has something to be thankful for, and you have a very great deal."

"Yes, I know I have!" said the boy. "But mustn't people be thankful for salt fish and potatoes when they haven't anything else at all?"

Cousin Sarah thought they must, for salt fish and potatoes were a very great deal better than nothing, and the boy returned to his drumsticks, finished the first and began on the second.

Presently he said, "Will you have some more turkey, Cousin Sarah?"

"No, dear, thank you! I have had quite enough."

The boy drew a long breath. "Then I can have the rest of the turkey," he said in a tone of satisfaction, "because mamma told Mary she might go to dinner with her sister after we were done."

Cousin Sarah looked at him in amazement. "My dear little boy," she said, "what do you mean? The rest of this big turkey? Why, you would die! Anyway you couldn't eat half of it!"

"I don't want it myself!" the boy explained. "I want it to take to the Jawkins' because they have nothing but

salt fish and potatoes, and I'm afraid they may not know that they ought to give thanks for that."

Cousin Sarah listened with interest to the boy's story about Timmy Jawkins, the red apple and the salt fish. Then she rose and said: "You shall take the turkey to them, dear boy! I am sure it is just what your mamma would like. Only I think you will have to let me carry it for you, for it is almost as big as you are!"

So Cousin Sarah took the turkey on its great blue platter, and the boy took the cranberry sauce in one hand and a dish of apples in the other, and off they went.

The people whom they met looked very much surprised to see a young lady carrying a huge turkey through the street, but Cousin Sarah didn't care in the least for that, but only thought how pretty the boy looked, trudging along with her, holding his cranberry sauce so carefully and looking round every now and then to see if she was all right.

So they reached the poor little cottage where the Jawkins lived, and they stopped a moment outside the door to take a breath, for they had been walking fast.

They heard a child crying inside, and then a tired woman's voice said: "It's all there, dear, 'cept the taters. Try a tater, and then Timmy'll give ye the pretty apple. Do now, Sis, like a good girl, because your doctor said you must eat, else you wouldn't never get well."

At this moment Cousin Sarah opened the door and stood holding up the great turkey, while the boy marched in bravely with his two dishes.

"Here is your Thanksgiving dinner!" he said, looking round at the six hungry faces which were clustered round the bare table. "You must give thanks, you know, even when it's only salt fish, but I thought you could give more thanks for turkey and cranberry sauce, 'cause I'm sure I could myself."

And for the first time in their lives the Jawkins children did give thanks.

THE BOY MARCHED IN BRAVELY.

Here is your Thanksgiving dinner!

he said, looking round at the six hungry faces which were clustered round the bare table.

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And for the first time in their lives the Jawkins children did give thanks.

THANKSGIVING OF THE PESSIMIST.

By J. A. EDGERTON.

Pessimist sat on the small of his back, Where pessimists sometimes sit. He painted the universe all in black. He frequently muttered: "Alas, alack, The world is essentially full of woe! There isn't a doubt of it."

His grouse was the worst he had ever had. Which was strong, as you may believe. The thing that had gotten him in so bad And had made him so temperamental and

Was the fact that every one else was glad. For it was Thanksgiving eve.

"And whom are they thankful to?" he said. "And what are they thankful for? There is no God. He is long since dead."

And whom are they thankful to?" he said. "And what are they thankful for? There is no God. He is long since dead."

And accident governs the world instead. There is nothing but trouble and woe ahead. And more of the same in store."

He grew as bright as a cheerful tomb. And his mood was a dismal gloom. He crammed himself with a jag of gloom Till for anything else he had no room. Yet strangely his dreams of a direful doom— Not one of them ever came true.

There was nothing the matter with things below. In spite of the pessimist's pain.

He needed an actual grief to show How dimly he saw his imagined woe. It was only a pose he assumed, you know. And was due to a kink in his brain.

The thanks of a nation upon its knees In chorus rose full and strong. The pessimist's plaint was lost in these.

As the squeak of a mouse mid the organ keys When God emits the words into melody. And the stars sing their morning song.

The themes for thanksgiving are infinite. But the greatest of all the list Is simply the gift of an inward sight To see the universe whole and right. So thank the Giver of mental light That you are not a pessimist.

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A fact any doctor will verify is that constipated people suffer most from disease. Constipation is a source of danger, necessary to health. People who are constipated either part or all of the time must use something to make their bowels move. This should not be a violent purgative or a cathartic that merely tears its way through the bowels emptying them of waste matter for the time but leaving them in a weakened state that prolongs the constipated condition. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is an easy, pleasant, natural laxative that removes the waste matter and establishes regular, daily movements without pain or gripe. Children and delicate women should never be given strong cathartics for it not only weakens the bowels but the entire system. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin serves as a tonic and an aid to digestion as well as a laxative that is certain in its effect upon the most obstinate old cases and yet safe and pleasant for a baby. With the first few doses the ill effects of constipation, such as dyspepsia, indigestion, liver trouble, biliousness, flatulency, sour stomach, sick headache, bloated stomach, and quickly disappear. It is a remedy that should be in every home for every member of the family at some time has need of a safe, sure laxative. —Mrs. J. C. Cooper, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for myself and family. I keep it on hand constantly, as I find it to be a most pleasant laxative and is all you claim for it."

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..Announcements..

CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce I. H. Thurman as a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Judge of this, the Eleventh Judicial District, composed of the counties of Marion, Washington, Taylor and Green, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Saturday, December 19, 1908.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce R. L. Durham, of Green county, as a candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the Eleventh Judicial District, composed of the counties of Marion, Taylor, Green and Washington, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Saturday, December 19, 1908.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce S. Hill, of Marion county, as a candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the Eleventh Judicial District, composed of the counties of Marion, Taylor, Green and Washington, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Saturday, December 19, 1908.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce A. C. Kimball as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Deputies: Richard Bobbitt, Sam D. Campbell, Will Merritt Sanders and Hubert Virgin.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce S. J. Anderson for Sheriff of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Deputies: Byron Crooke, Geo. Powell, Sam Hale and H. R. Edleman.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Geo. D. Catlett for reelection to the office of Jailer of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Nov. 28, 1908. Election Nov. 1909.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Richard Riley as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Nov. 28, 1908. Election Nov. 1909.

FOR ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce W. T. Mitchell as a candidate for Assessor of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Nov. 28, 1908. Election Nov. 1909. Deputy: T. P. O'Bryan. Your support earnestly solicited.

FOR ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce C. N. Willett as a candidate for Assessor of Washington county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Nov. 28, 1908. Election Nov. 1909. Deputy: J. R. Ward. Your support solicited.

FOR MAGISTRATE.

We are authorized to announce J. A. Medley as a candidate for Magistrate in Magisterial district No. 5, Precincts Nos. 1 and 9, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Primary Nov. 28, 1908. Election Nov. 1909.

The SUN \$1

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The ladies of the Christian church will conduct a Christmas sale at Mrs. Williams' millinery store. The date will be announced later.

Complete line of handsome veils at Miss Willie Knott's at low prices.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. E. Shelby, deceased, will present same, properly proven, to the undersigned, on or before Dec. 1, 1908. H. M. GRUNDY, Administrator.

Lost.—On Saturday, Nov. 7, between Springfield and my home, a small jet and gold breast pin. Return to this office or to me and receive reward. MRS. J. W. KELLY, SR.

A full line of trimmed hats, at the most reasonable prices at Miss Willie Knott's.

All persons having claims against the estate of Mary E. Devine, deceased, will present same properly proven to the undersigned, or to my attorney, W. D. Claybrooke, on or before Jan. 1, 1909. LEVY BRADY, Administrator.

Angeline Nicholas, a colored girl, died at her home here yesterday of consumption. She was one of the best liked of her race in this city, and her death is regretted by many white people.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of J. E. Shelby, deceased, are hereby notified that a settlement must be made on or before December 1. H. M. GRUNDY, Administrator.

The State Amusement Company, of Louisville, will conduct a moving picture show in the Opera House each evening during the winter, commencing next week. The best equipment will be used, and the program will be different each evening.

Wylie, the noted violinist, will appear at the Springfield Opera House December 5. Mr. Wylie is one of the country's most noted musicians, and his appearance in Springfield will give the people of Washington county an opportunity to hear one of the greatest violinists in the world.

The Glen Lilies, the strong bowling team of this place, played the Lebanon team, at Lebanon, Tuesday night, defeating them easily two out of three games played. The Lebanon team will give them a return series at the local alleys, and some good bowling is expected as both teams are excellent bowlers.

Mr. Leo Haydon, who now has charge of the Opera House, informs The Sun that a number of the best shows on the road have been booked, and will play here this winter. Mr. Haydon has selected troupes for Springfield after a thorough inquiry among managers of other Opera Houses, and he feels that he can now promise the people the best shows ever seen in this city.

The Washington County Tobacco Warehouse Company will begin receiving tobacco at once, and will conduct its first loose leaf sale next Saturday. Conditions for the success of the big enterprise are favorable, and all interested in the matter are enthusiastic. It is believed that the loose leaf market

in Springfield will in a short time become the market for surrounding counties, and that it will eventually be an enterprise of magnitude. Mr. Snyder, the experienced tobacco man, who is the manager for the company, is very much gratified over the progress thus far made.

Auctioneer S. M. Campbell reports the following court day sales here Monday: 8 heifers at \$12.35 per head; 7 yearling steers at \$15 per head; 1 dry cow, \$35; 1 mare and colt, \$122; 1 two-horse wagon, \$30; 1 two-horse wagon, \$9; 1 old buggy, \$16; 1 black mare, \$44; 1 2-year-old bay mare, \$95; 1 plug horse, \$40; 1 brown horse, \$125; 4 ponies at from \$13.50 to \$36 per head. A large crowd in town and business was good. Buyers were active and fair prices prevailed.

...Marriages...

Goatley-Kelly.

Miss Margaret Goatley and Edward Kelly, Jr., were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at St. Rose Tuesday afternoon at 4:20 o'clock by the Rev. Father Linnehan, under a very impressive ceremony. Messrs. Pat Kelly, brother of the groom, and Gilbert Donahoe were the attendants. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple were driven to the home of the bride, where a sumptuous supper awaited them. The immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom assembled there and received them with hearty congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will go to housekeeping at once in their beautiful country home near Valley Hill. The Sun joins their many friends in extending congratulations.

Yancey-Sallee.

Miss Ora Yancey, of Mackville, and Mr. Edward Sallee, of Harrodsburg, were married in Harrodsburg last Thursday, Nov. 19, by Rev. Roddy, of the Baptist church. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for Louisville, where they will reside. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drew Yancey, of Mackville, and is an attractive young woman, possessing many friends who extend to her best wishes. The groom is a young man of excellent habits and business qualifications.

Mullican-Wheatley.

Miss Susie Mullican and Mr. Walter Wheatley will be married at St. Rose tomorrow afternoon. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Father Linnehan. Miss Mullican is the daughter of Mr. W. H. Mullican and is a popular and attractive young lady. Mr. Wheatley is a prosperous young farmer of the county.

Catlett-Coffey.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3 p. m., Miss Myrtle Catlett and Mr. G. M. Coffey, of Greensburg, will be united in matrimony. Rev. W. H. Williams, pastor of the Baptist church, will perform the ceremony. After the ceremony the young couple will leave for Greensburg, where they will make their future home.

Montgomery-Applegate.

Mr. Frank Applegate and Miss Mary Montgomery were married in the county clerk's office here Monday by Rev. W. H. Williams. Mrs. Applegate is one of the youngest, if not the youngest bride in the county, she being only fourteen years of age.

McIntyre-Cooper.

Louisville Times: Nathan A. Cooper, a well-known attorney of the firm of O'Neal & O'Neal, and Miss Elizabeth McIntyre, daughter of Mrs. A. McIntyre, of 617 Seventh street, will be married Thanksgiving afternoon at the rectory of the Cathedral of the Assumption. The Rev. Father Schuhman will perform the ceremony.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

...CLOAKS...

IN QUALITIES THAT are GOOD, AT PRICES THAT will SATISFY
at "The Big Store"

We have a most excellent line of these goods, and are anxious to show it to the Ladies of Washington county.

We are prepared to quote low prices on every garment, and are quite sure that we can satisfy purchasers in

...QUALITY, STYLE and PRICE...

The Robertson-Claybrooke Company.

INCORPORATED

Lamborn-Vise.

Mr. Robert J. Vise and Miss Ann's Alma Lamborn were married at Mantion Tuesday.

Marriage License.

County Clerk, W. F. Booker, has issued license for marriage to the following couples this week: R. J. Vise and Miss Alma Lamborn, Matt Mayes and Annie Dunsmore, E. D. Kelly and Margaret R. Goatley, Frank Applegate

and Mary Montgomery, Walter Wheatley and Susie Mullican, C. R. Caskey and Josie Childers.

Notice.

All persons holding claims against the estate of Watt O'Bryan, deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims properly proven to the undersigned at her residence on or before Jan. 1, 1909. The estate must be settled in full. MRS. WATT O'BRYAN.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c. at Haydon & Robertson's drug store.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year. The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

..The Hunting Season is Now On..

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF THE BEST

CORDUROY HUNTING SUITS

AT THE MOST REASONABLE PRICE.

...Also a Full Line of LEGGINGS...

Grundy & McIntire, Springfield, Ky.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS!

All Taxes Must be Paid on or BEFORE December 1. After that date the penalty goes on. Pay now and save money.
SIDNEY OSBOURNE, Sheriff Washington County.

Let's Get Acquainted!

Good Jewelry buying means better acquaintance with this store. We'll sell you your future jewelry if present satisfactory dealings count.

New, seasonable Jewelry, Silverware and Cut Glass are found here for every season and occasion as they approach.

Remember the store that recognizes that modern business is in a large degree founded upon sentiment—a feeling between buyer and seller of confidence, appreciation and good will.

JAMES J. GRAVES....
Springfield, Ky.

W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.
SPRINGFIELD, KY. PHONE 72



TEETH
EXTRACTED
WITHOUT
PAIN OR DANGER

All Work Done in this office is first-class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEED)
Over McElroy & Shadler's Grocery

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.

The following gentlemen announce that their lands are posted and they forbid hunting on their premises. Parties caught hunting upon the lands of any of the undersigned will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Woodford Graves. H. P. Mudd.
Dee Riley. Hite Clements.
Sam Phillips. J. I. Martin.
W. G. Grundy. C. L. Grundy.
T. A. Grundy. R. J. Young.
Conrad Hertlein. W. F. Booker.
Harry Thompson. B. F. Simms.
Campbell & Bottom. T. Dudley Tapp.
W. F. Moran & Son. Alex Thompson.
F. M. Shewmaker. W. H. Jones.
Hennessey & Baker. J. S. Hume.
W. S. Pardon & Son. J. T. Cloyd.
J. R. Johnston. F. O. Fields.
Dave Yankey. Geo. Taylor.
W. H. Wright. Audrey Tumey.

[Parties desiring their names placed in this list may have it done by paying 20c a name, cash in advance.—Ed.]

County Teachers Association.

As announced last week the Semi-annual Teachers Association will be held at the Opera House in Springfield next Friday—day after Thanksgiving. A splendid program will be rendered. As this is a school holiday for all the teachers who attend, there is good reason to expect every teacher to respond to the roll call.

The trustees and other friends of education are especially invited to be present at this meeting. There will be room for all, and all are urged to attend.

The meeting will open at 9 a. m. and close at 3 p. m.

Mrs. Herbert Mengel, Secretary of the National Association of Women's Clubs, will address the meeting in the afternoon in the interest of the School Improvement League. This league has for its purpose the betterment of the schools through wise, economical legislation, the cultivation of higher school ideals, improving and beautifying school house and grounds, longer terms of school, equipping and furnishing school house, better preparation of teachers, etc. Come and hear this interesting woman. J. W. BUSI.

The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.
The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year.

HELLO Fellows!

There's Something New in Town.

Did it ever occur to you that you can have your

Old Hats Made Over New

T. C. Sparks
Will be in Springfield
TO NOVEMBER 30th, 1908
at The Walton Hotel.

The representative of the Southern Hat Manufacturing Co., 618 West Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky., where you can have any Old Hat you desire Cleaned and Blocked, in any Style. Leave your address at the above place and I will call for and deliver same at your residence or place of business.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Miss Flaget Simms left Tuesday for a visit to relatives in Atlanta, Ga.

—Miss Beatrice Berthelot, of New Orleans, is the guest of Miss Nellie Greene.

—Mr. Ray Wakefield, of Americus, Ga., was in town Monday.

—Mr. Henry Sullivan, of Richmond, Va., was the guest of Miss Elise Durrett Monday.

—Messrs. Will Wharton and Waltham Simms were in Louisville Sunday.

—Misses Mayme Irvine and Bessie Caldwell, of Danville, are visiting at the home of Mr. A. C. McElroy.

—Miss Mabel Price was at home Sunday.

—Messrs. Ben F. and John F. Simms were in Louisville the first of the week.

—Miss Kate Wharton entertained at Finch Monday evening in honor of Misses Irvine and Caldwell, of Danville.

—Miss Sallie McElroy entertained Misses Irvine and Caldwell with the Embroidery Club Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moran visited relatives at Valley Hill Sunday.

—Judge I. H. Thurman spent Sunday with his sister at West Point.

—Misses Jennie Leachman and Nanette Thompson are visiting in Harrodsburg this week.

—Mr. Edwin Smith, of Bloomfield, spent Sunday here.

—Mrs. Tom Hardesty was in Louisville Monday.

—Mrs. Fred Manget, of Louisville, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lewis.

—Mrs. Jennie Hughes and Miss Etta Duncan have returned from Bloomfield, and are with Mrs. T. Scott Mayes.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Browne, of Lebanon, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Thompson.

—Mrs. H. M. O'Nan and Misses Josie Lee and Annie McElroy spent Saturday in Louisville.

—Miss Ella Hagan has returned to her home in Fairfield, after a visit to Mrs. S. C. McGill.

—Mrs. Eliza Cain is recovering from an attack of grip.

—Mrs. B. D. Lake and children returned home Monday, after a visit to relatives in Louisville.

—Mr. John L. Smith, of Louisville, is spending a few days here.

—Mr. Arthur McGill and Miss Mattie McGill left to-day for Fairfield to visit their grandfather, Mr. Ralph Hagan.

—Misses Eliza and Eddie Mulligan are visiting in Louisville this week.

—Dr. W. F. Trusty was in Lexington a few days last week.

—Mr. J. R. Smith, of Bloomfield, was in town Monday.

—Mr. John Clements, of Lebanon, spent Monday here.

—Mrs. Harry Dean, of Louisville, visited friends here last week.

—Miss Eleanor Duncan left to-day for Cincinnati, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Alexander Lewis Jenkins.

—Mr. Tom Edelen, of Louisville, is spending a few days with his sisters, Misses Kate and Carrie Edelen.

—Misses Isa Colvin and Margie Tapp are visiting relatives in Fairfield.

—Miss Sallie Pope, of Louisville, visited her mother here this week.

—Mr. G. D. Duncan is in Louisville to-day.

—Mrs. W. K. Robertson is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. G. McElroy, of Williamsburg.

—Mrs. M. L. Searcy, who has been quite ill for several days, is improving.

—Miss Florence Ragsdale, little daughter of Mrs. Mary Ragsdale, is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

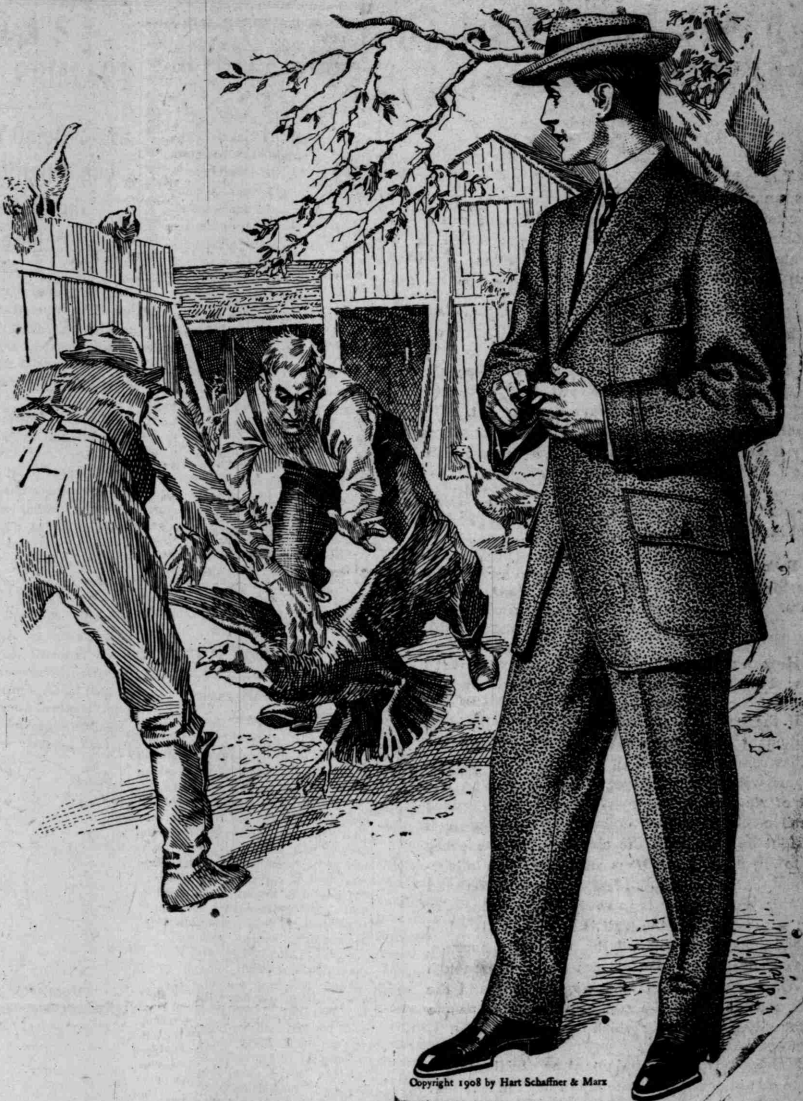
—Misses Naomi and Anna Day Smith, of Butler, Mo., are visiting Mrs. Theo. Campbell.

—Mr. A. L. Perkins, of near town, is recovering from an attack of rheumatism.

—Miss Myrtle Hall has recovered from an attack of pneumonia.

—Mr. O'Neal returned to his home in Mississippi Tuesday, after a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hardesty. He was accompanied home by his little daughter, Lillian, who has been living with her aunt, Mrs. Hardesty.

—Dr. J. H. Lampton, who has been under treatment in Louisville for several weeks, has returned home much improved, and is now rapidly recovering. Dr. Lampton has resumed his practice, and his numerous friends are delighted that he is back to his duties.



Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

ONE OF THE BEST REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING

Which the men of this locality have this year is that we continue to provide for their wearing our selected designs and models in

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

You may not realize all that means; maybe it sounds like forcing the point a little, to make our clothes a thing to give thanks for. If that's your feeling, that's because you don't know the facts or haven't thought about them.

Good clothes are a necessity; and providing them for our community is a worthy enterprise, of moral value to the community.

The fact that we're doing business to make profits for ourselves, doesn't prevent our doing business in a way that makes profits for you. The fact is, every time a man buys a Hart Schaffner & Marx overcoat or suit here, and pays \$18 to \$50 for it, he makes as much out of the deal as we do; or more. We get the money, but he gets the clothes.

They're the best clothes made; they are honest all-wool, honestly tailored; the value is in them; and you get it. We'd like to sell you some of these clothes; it will do us both good

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

CUNNINGHAM, DUNCAN & CO.

SPRINGFIELD,

KENTUCKY.

—Mr. Rufus Foster will leave Monday for Bagdad, in Shelby county, where he will take charge of the telephone exchange. Mr. Foster has been connected with the exchange here for some time and is an efficient telephone man.

—Mr. Mike Davison, of Louisville, came out Sunday to see his brother, Editor E. L. Davison, of the News-Leader, who has been in ill health for several weeks. Both went to Louisville Monday where a specialist will be consulted. Mr. Davison's friends hope that

he may find a treatment which will restore him to health.

Mind Your Business!

If you don't nobody will. It is your business to keep out of all the trouble you can and you can and will keep out of liver and bowel trouble if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system. 25c. at Hayden & Robertson's drug store.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year.
The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

Death at Mackville.

Mrs. Sue Sweeney, wife of the late Wm. Sweeney, died at her home at Mackville last Friday of pneumonia. Mrs. Sweeney had been ill but a short time and her death came as a shock to her large circle of friends. She was about seventy-four years old, and had spent all of her life in the Mackville vicinity. Mrs. Sweeney was a consistent member of the Christian church, and was one of the institution's most substantial members. Her death is

mourned by a large number of people, who loved her because of her excellent Christian character. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Lydia Clark, of Mackville. Funeral services were conducted last Saturday and the body was interred in the Mackville cemetery.

For Rent.

On East Main street, near school house, one residence with 6 rooms, all recently papered. Water in kitchen. Price \$10 per month. Call on J. A. BOULWARE, Excelsior, J. M. Burton.

The ABC and XYZ of ADVERTISING

A SERIES OF TEN TALKS ON ADVERTISING
Written by Seymour Eaton of Philadelphia

No. 7

The advertising science is anything but exact. It is an easy matter to diagnose symptoms. But in advertising, as in medicine, very different causes produce very similar disturbances; eye strain, a wabby steamer deck, or green watermelon; each means an upset stomach.

But there are some broad general principles which are as permanent as the eternal hills.

Mouth to mouth talk is the great secret of popular advertising success. As a general rule people are short on talk. They are always running out. The hopper must be fed. The shrewd advertiser scores every time he produces a new topic of conversation. If he fails to make people talk about his goods he makes them talk about himself. They wash with his soap or drink his tea or rub on his axle grease just to get in touch with him.

Talk can be created about the most commonplace things; baked beans or tooth powder or linen collars. You need only to know what switch to turn on.

Human nature has not differed for six thousand years; but the point of view is constantly changing.

If the people remained the same; if business conditions remained the same; if society and the weather remained the same, then the advertising of last year would apply this year. But it doesn't. The point of view is different. We are in a continuous turmoil of change. The successful advertiser must live right up even with the clock. Advertise every day to meet the conditions of today. An advertisement that made a big hit last year may fall flat and dead this year. There is in everything a fullness of time; a season when the fruit is ripe; periods when all conditions seem to lend themselves to success. The advertiser must have discernment sharp enough and vision clear enough to know the year and the month and the day of the month in which the people are not only living, but in which they are thinking.

Make goods or entertainment or social position hard to obtain or scarce in amount and then it is that people fall over each other in the mad rush to see somebody else get left. The moment you put up the bars and say "Don't" then it is that people want to climb. The sweetest apples in your neighbor's orchard are those on the tree nearest the dog.

Seymour Eaton

(Copyright, 1908, by Tribune Company, Chicago.)

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

Jane Ward's Thanksgiving

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association



clicking needles kept time to the ticking of the big clock.

Suddenly the door opened, and another woman entered. She was tall and thin, with scanty dark hair trailing away from her forehead.

"Howdy do, Jane Ward?" she said in a deep masculine voice, seating herself in the Boston rocker, where she could stare into Jane Ward's face. "I thought I'd run in and see what preparations you was making for Thanksgiving this year."

Jane Ward looked up. "I ain't making none," she said, with a little snap of her lips, "and you know it, Esther Pike. You know I ain't keeping Thanksgiving any more."

"You're tempting Providence, Jane," returned the other woman succinctly. "Tempting fiddlisticks!" snorted Jane contemptuously. "I kept Thanksgiving for thirty years, and you've got with me often enough to know that I kept it well."

Esther Pike winced. "There ain't no denying but you set a mighty liberal table, Jane," she said hastily. "What I meant was that it does seem dreadfully wicked for you to set up and say you won't keep no Thanksgiving when every soul in Upper Village is laying out to have something. Even the darkies down in the Patch are—"

Jane Ward arose and straightened her little figure. She pointed a shining needle at Esther Pike, who wriggled as though she were impaled upon its end. "How many years is it since I kept Thanksgiving, Esther Pike?" demanded Jane.

"Oh, four or five, I guess," replied Miss Pike reluctantly.

"Ain't it ever since my son Asa was lost at sea?" quavered Jane Ward.

"Yes-for goodness' sake—yes. Of course I know it, Jane. I didn't mean no harm." Miss Pike was visibly alarmed at Jane's strange manner.

"Ain't you been here every Thanksgiving eve to ask me if I was going to keep Thanksgiving?"

"Yes," returned Esther as faintly as her booming tones would allow.

"What is it you're trying to find out, then?" demanded Jane Ward harshly. "Do you think I'm going to keep Thanksgiving just because you come and tell me I'm lying in the face of Providence if I don't? Providence? Humph!"

Esther Pike paled and rose to her ungainly height. "I guess I'll be going, Jane Ward," she said sourly. "I ain't partial to visiting blasphemers!"

Jane sat down in her chair again. "Well, Esther, by the time you've made the round of Upper Village and told everybody that Jane Ward's a blasphemer I'll be time to get home and set your own poor-bling!"

The door slammed sharply, and Jane Ward, bending over her knitting, felt the hot tears dropping on the blue sock. She was thinking of that Thanksgiving five years before, when she had watched for Asa's return. The



THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND—

pantry was groaning with toothsome viands. Asa's favorite pies stood in a row on the shelf, and Asa's cookies and Asa's doughnuts awaited him in deep, cool pots. The turkey was stuffed and waiting, the cranberry sauce molded in the best glass preserve dish.

Asa's room was warmed and waiting. His slippers stood before the fire, where the Boston rocker awaited his tired body. The great fire on the hearth reflected all these things and shone on Jane's tired, eager face, watching at the window, when Captain Smith came halting up the path and told her. The gale, a man overboard, Asa Ward—that was all. The bluff old captain went away, and Jane Ward, in a fury of grief, devastated her larder and threw the viands to the fowls. Jane lived alone after that, her stony resignation broken by occasional fierce bursts of grief. Never after that night did Jane Ward keep Thanksgiving. She took a fierce delight in fasting on that particular day that was set apart for Thanksgiving.

Twilight gathered in, and Jane lighted a lamp and made a cup of tea. Then she got out some apple sauce and bread and butter and ate her supper. After that was over she washed the dishes and sat down again before the fire. Somehow tonight seemed different from former Thanksgivings. There was a reminder of that other night when Asa did not come in the low fall of the wind through the oak trees, and the swishing of the locust boughs against the roof sounded like the rush of waves.

There was a fierce blast, a hissing shriek, and Jane arose and clasped her hands to her ears. A shudder of superstitious horror crept over her, and her skin seemed to shrink as the little house rocked on its foundation. Then the wind subsided as suddenly as it had arisen and there was dead stillness.

Jane sank trembling to her knees. "Lord, whatever has come over me?" she whispered brokenly. "I am weak as a baby to be scared by a squall like that." She knelt there for a long time with closed eyes, and then gradually there came a great peace into her worn face. Her lips moved noiselessly, and Jane Ward prayed.

"I'll do what I can to give a feast to some poor soul," murmured Jane as she got upon her feet. "God forgive me for a sinful woman."

She lighted a lantern and, tying a shawl over her head, went out into the night. It was moonlight, and the path to the chicken house was a broad, white way, down which her little figure walked, leaving a grotesque, black shadow behind it. The air was crisp and sharp, and there was a light wind—a singular change from the sudden squall that had so unnerved her.

Jane pushed the door open and looked around. The large white rooster, the youngest of the flock and the apple of Jane Ward's eye, grumbled at the crowding hens about him. He sat invitingly before the door. If he had been in the tompost corner of the roost Jane Ward would have captured him that night. She had never killed a chicken in her life—the sight of blood made her faint—

rooster, and while his headless body still contorted before her horrified eyes she returned to the roost and sacrificed yet another victim.

She carried them to the house. She built a fire, and her cooking stove, she picked, cleaned and washed the chickens and set them in the cool pantry. She went to the cellar and brought up a pumpkin. That night she made pumpkin pies; she made cookies and doughnuts; she got apples from the garret and cider from the cellar.

She built a fire in the drum stove in Asa's room. She aired his bed and warmed it with the old brass warming pan. The meal all ready for the coming of some one as she had made ready five years ago.

It was 3 o'clock when Jane Ward went to bed, and the tired old woman fell immediately into a deep, sound sleep from which she did not awaken until the morning was well advanced.

With unabated vigor Jane prepared her Thanksgiving dinner. The chickens were roasting in the oven; the table in the dining room was spread with a spotless cloth; the blue and white dishes reflected the firelight; the sun shone on the glass dishes of currant jelly and turned them into glowing rubies. Above all was the Thanksgiving atmosphere.

Esther Pike tramped heavily into the kitchen and stopped short at the sight of Jane Ward. Jane was peeling vegetables. There were great golden turnips, silver skinned onions, crisp white potatoes, crackling spicy celery.

"Good morning, Esther Pike," said Jane kindly. "I was afraid I'd scared you away for good and all last night. I hope you don't mind what a disappointed old woman says out of the hardness of her heart."

"Land, no!" ejaculated Esther cordially. "I am dreadful pleased you've come to your senses, Jane Ward! Going to have company to dinner?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know," returned Jane soberly. "I'll be whoever the Lord sends. My table is waiting for the hungry and the needy."

"Land, it makes me hungry to smell all your good things," returned Esther meaningly.

"You staying with Ann?" asked Jane abruptly.

"Yes; we're going to have roast pork and apple sauce."

"That ain't to be despised," returned Jane.

"I thought you wasn't going to keep Thanksgiving no more, Jane Ward," said Esther presently, with a keen glance at the old woman.

"I wasn't going to till I got to thinking things over, and I made up my mind I would keep it every year," said Jane slowly, while her faded eyes filled with tears.

"Well, I guess I'll be going along. Seems too bad if nobody comes along. You'd have a lot of vittals on your hands," said Esther, rising and peering into the well filled pantry.

"I guess somebody'll come along before night," replied Jane. "If there don't, the food won't be wasted."

"Maybe I'll come over tomorrow," remarked Esther, with a flickering hope in her eyes. "Perhaps I'll come over and bring my knitting."

"Do," said Jane, without enthusiasm.

She carried an armful of wood upstairs and filled the drum stove in Asa's room. It made a cheery roar as the flames leaped up the chimney, and Jane listened with a rapidly beating heart. It did seem as though Asa might be coming. Everything bore such an old familiar look. The cold loneliness of the later years had slipped away, and it needed only the fire, light step bounding up the stairs to wipe out all those bleak years and bring back the warm, beautiful past.

Captain Smith rolled down the street toward the station. He turned once and watched a rabbit scuttling across the road, and his mouth watered as he thought of the delectable rabbit pie that was brooding in the Smith oven at that moment.

When he faced about again he stared into the eyes of a stranger—not a stranger, but a ghost, for the sea does not give up her dead. So it must be a ghost!

A hard hand on his shoulder, a familiar voice ringing in his ears—the hand and voice of Asa Ward! But Asa Ward was dead!

"Hello, captain! Tell me how my dear old mother is. I haven't heard a word of mother is. I haven't heard a word of mother is. I haven't heard a word of mother is."

In years, and I've written, God knows have written. Tears fell down Asa Ward's bronzed cheeks and splashed upon the hands which were tightly clasped in Captain Smith's.

"She's all right, boy," wheezed the captain joyfully, now fully convinced that the substantial hands he held were not ghostly ones. "But she's grieved herself most to death. It will be a great shock to her!"

"Take me to her now, captain, or stay, is she still in the old place?" "Yes. But where have you been? We thought you were lost!"

"I was picked up by a southbound tramp steamer and carried around the cape to the south sea islands and China. I got a job on a Yangtze river steamer and wrote mother regularly. I don't know why she did not hear. Then I wrote to you, and I have been afraid to come home for—"

His voice broke.

"Run along, lad. Jane Ward is waiting for you. Joy never kills. Make haste."

Jane Ward surveyed the table wistfully. It was set now with all the viands, and no stranger had come to partake of them; she felt no appetite for them herself. She turned away with a sudden revulsion of feeling and a sharp return of the old bitterness.

At that instant the gate clicked. There was the light, firm step on the path, the door was flung open, and—"Asa! Asa! Asa!" she cried joyfully. "The Lord is very good!"

Not Enough Room.

"Brown is the most narrow minded man I ever met."

"So?"

"Yes. Whenever two thoughts get into his head at the same time they bump into each other."—Judge.

Our Deepest Well.

At present the deepest well in this country is one drilled for gas in Pittsburgh. It was sunk to the depth of 4,680 feet, when work had to be abandoned on account of the drilling cable breaking of its own weight.

Finger Nail.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity and that of the thumb the least.

Plantain and Banana.

The plantain (*Musa paradisiaca*) is a small tree plant that is closely akin to the banana, but differing from it in not having the purple spots on its stem. The fruit of the plantain is also larger and more angular than that of the banana.

Republic of Haiti.

It was in 1791, under the influence of the French revolution, that the "Black republic," Haiti, came into being. The mutual antipathies of the mixed population burst forth into one of the most vindictive struggles on record, which resulted in the extermination of the Europeans and the independence of the negro insurgents.

The Eyes of Genius.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it doesn't matter what.

Sulphur.

Sulphur throws into the fire of a stove, furnace or fireplace will instantly extinguish the fire in a chimney or fire. If a small bag or parcel of sulphur, say three or four ounces, were kept in a handy place and used when needed, as directed above, it might be the means of saving property and perhaps life.

Siamese Football.

The Siamese play football with a wicker ball. They are permitted to touch the ball only with knees, head and shoulders. The object of the game is to keep the ball in the air as long as possible. He who lets it strike the ground loses a point.

Snakes as Necklaces.

There are plenty of snakes in Samoa, but they are all harmless. In certain districts it is a custom of the native girls to wind live reptiles around their necks and arms as ornaments for their dances.

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Send The Sun to Those Away

"It's Just Like a Letter From Home"

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Miss Martha

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

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AUNT BECKY placed her hand upon the little girl's head and smiled welcomingly.

"So you have come to live with your pa and ma in the big house on the hill?" she said. "I just love that place."

"You love it?" the girl asked. "Why, Aunt Becky?"

Aunt Becky laughed. "Because Miss Martha lived there so long, I reckon," she replied.

The girl sat down in the open door. "Won't you tell me about Miss Martha?" she asked.

Aunt Becky took a pan of potatoes in her lap and prepared to peel them. Her dim eyes glistened in recollection.

"Well, dearie," she began, "I knew Miss Martha when she was just a little bit of a child like you, and I don't care where you go or where you look you won't ever find any sweeter girl nor any purer angel than was she."

"And I knew Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry when they were just little boys, about so high, playing together in the meadow or fishing in the old White river over there."

"Mr. Joe's father was Judge Singleton, who came to Indiana when there was hardly anybody here but Indians. And Mr. Henry was the son of General Beasley, who fought with Sheridan in '63."

"It was curious how much Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry were attached to one another when they were little boys. It couldn't rain on one without raining on the other, and when the sun was shining the shadow of one was always kissing the other's little dimpled feet. So they grew into manhood, with the sunshine stored in both their souls and the blue of the sky in Mr. Joe's eyes and in Mr. Henry's the shadows of the grapevines across the path."

"But there came a time when Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry came down the path together; they were not arm in arm, for Miss Martha was walking between them, but I couldn't see her."

"One day Mr. Henry came alone, and there was a shadow on his face that I didn't like. With never a word he sat down in the door and took off his hat."

"By and by I put my hand on his head and said, 'What's the matter, Mr. Henry?'"

"Nothing much, Aunt Becky," says he. "Only just a pain in here." Then I knew it was Miss Martha.

"Where's Mr. Joe today, Mr. Henry?" I says.

"He's over to Miss Martha's," says he.

"After awhile Mr. Joe came down the path, whistling."

"Hello, Henry?" says he. "I've been looking for you," says he, walking over



where Mr. Henry was sitting on at old Joe. But Mr. Henry did not answer. He just got up and walked away with his arms folded and his face white and hot. Mr. Joe standing with dumb lips and scarlet face."

"A few days after that I saw Miss Martha and Mr. Henry drifting down the river in a boat. Miss Martha was sitting in the stern looking down at her hands trailing in the water, and Mr. Henry, with his ears crossed in his lap, was leaning forward gazing into Miss Martha's face."

"Pretty soon Mr. Joe came along. I knew he had seen Miss Martha and Mr. Henry, but he never let on, only he wasn't whistling, as usual."

"Well, about this time the war with Spain broke out. Old Judge Singleton drove around making speeches—and he was a powerful speaker in his day—and General Beasley got on his white horse, all fixed out in the uniform he wore when he fought with Sheridan, and went galloping up and down, calling on all the men folks to enlist."

"And the very first one who stepped

upon the platform and signed his name to the enlistment was Mr. Joe."

"The tears came to my eyes when I saw that, for Mr. Joe was all that that old Judge had left. And the Judge's head was like that hillside when the wild cherries are in bloom—that white."

"The Judge grew pale and leaned on the table for a moment. Then he took Mr. Joe's hand and says, 'God bless you, my boy.' And that was all he said."

"When Mr. Henry saw what Mr. Joe had done he climbed upon the platform as quickly as he could and says, 'I'm going along with Joe.'"

"The old general was used to war, and the fire of battle was burning in his veins. 'If you didn't put your name down there, sir,' says he, 'you wouldn't be no son of mine,' says he. But I was standing where I could see a tear fall from old Mr. Beasley's eye."

"I tell you my heart was set after that, and more than ever I loved to see Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry come down the path under the wild grapevines, only I knew Miss Martha was walking between them."

"This came the next to the last day they were going to be at home, and Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry were lying in the grass right there looking at the old White river that was drifting, drifting—always drifting southward and never coming back."

"By and by Mr. Joe says, 'Henry,' says he, 'tomorrow we're going to the war. Maybe we will never fish in the White river or gather grapes or wild cherries off these hills together any more,' says he, 'and there shouldn't be any shadows between us, Henry,' says he. 'Let's go to Martha, you and me, and ask her which she thinks the most of. Like as not,' says he, 'she ain't caring very much for either of us.'"

"Mr. Henry smiled at that and took Mr. Joe's hand. Then, arm in arm, they went up the path; and there wasn't any shadows between them after that—there never was any more."

"Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry found Miss Martha in the meadow back of her father's house, and Mr. Joe explained what they had come to find out."

"Now, of course Miss Martha knew very well what her answer should be, but she pretended not to be interested. So she glanced roughly first at one, then at the other, the sunset creeping into her cheeks and the light of all the stars creeping into her eyes. Then she plucked a daisy out of the clover and said she would let the daisy decide. And with that she pulled off the petals, saying, 'Joe, Henry, Joe, Henry,' like that. And the last petal was Henry."

"Mr. Joe didn't say a word. He just took Mr. Henry's hand in both of his a minute, then he crossed the meadow and went down the road, leaving Mr. Henry smiling and holding Miss Martha's hand and Miss Martha gazing after Mr. Joe, all the sunlight and the starlight fringing out of her face and eyes."

"And the next day we were all up to town to see the soldier boys march off to war."

"I never saw any brighter sunshine or any bluer sky than there was that day. Old General Beasley was on his white horse, galloping back and forth and waving the sword with which he fought with Sheridan, and Judge Singleton climbed on a box and made a speech to the soldiers, exhorting them to bring glory to old Lawrence county."

"Presently the captain spoke, and the soldiers put their guns on their shoulders and they were off down the road. Mr. Joe and Mr. Henry were marching side by side, and as they turned the corner Mr. Henry glanced back at Miss Martha. She fluttered her handkerchief, and he waved his cap, and in his eyes was a great happiness."

"But Mr. Joe never looked back; he just kept his eyes to the front. And there was a sad, sad look singing somewhere down by the river."

"Miss Martha received many letters from Mr. Henry, and she used to come down the path and sit in the door right where you are sitting now and read them, but I could tell by the way she sighed when she finished that the letters from Mr. Henry didn't satisfy her."

"One day she says to me, playing with the strings of her bonnet, 'Auntie Becky,' says she, 'do you ever get any letters from Joe, Auntie Becky?'"

"Then she pulls the bonnet down over her eyes, but I saw her cheeks, and they were the color of a sunnyc leaf in October—that red. 'Oh, Auntie Becky,' she said, 'I wish there never had been any daisies in our meadow,' and she covered her face with her hands."

"So the weeks and the months went by with a thing but war, war, war. But one day Miss Martha burst in at the door all excited, and she says, 'Oh, Auntie Becky, I've got something important to read you.'"

"It was a letter from Mr. Henry, and he wrote about a big battle down in Cuba. The letter wasn't written for more than two weeks after the fight, for Mr. Henry had been wounded and was in a hospital."

"Mr. Henry called it San Juan where he was shot. He wrote that when he came to himself after being struck he was lying on the ground and there was a terrible pain in his breast."

"He tried to get upon his feet, but fell back exhausted and waited for death. And pretty soon Mr. Joe came crawling to him."

"Mr. Joe didn't have on any hat, nor he didn't have any gun, and his hair was matted with blood, and his face was black with powder smoke."

"He took Mr. Henry's head in his arms, and he held a canteen to his mouth and he said, 'Here, Henry, drink some of this.'"

"But Mr. Henry only glanced up into Mr. Joe's face, weak like and says, 'I low I'm done for,' says he."

"Then, Mr. Henry wrote, Mr. Joe lifted him up a little and says, 'Don't

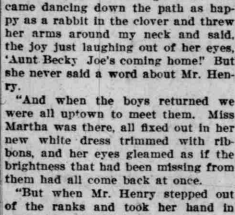
talk that way,' he says. 'You've got to live, Henry; you've got to live for Miss Martha; you've got to live to go back to the old White river,' he says. 'I missed you when we pulled ourselves together over there,' he says, 'and I came back after you, Henry. Hold on tight. I'm going to take you through that hell or Miss Martha ain't going to see either of us again.' And he did, and that was all Mr. Henry wrote to Miss Martha in that letter."

"When Miss Martha finished reading it she put it back in the envelope quietly and didn't say a word for two or three minutes. Then she said, 'Aunt Becky, wasn't that good and brave of Joe? And that was all she said.'"

"Well, it was Miss Martha who first heard that the war was over and the soldier boys were coming home. She came dancing down the path as happy as a rabbit in the clover and threw her arms around my neck and said the joy just laughing out of her eyes, 'Aunt Becky, Joe's coming home! But she never said a word about Mr. Henry.'"

"And when the boys returned we were all up town to meet them. Miss Martha was there, all fixed out in her new white dress trimmed with ribbons, and her eyes gleamed as if the brightness that had been missing from them had all come back at once."

"But when Mr. Henry stepped out of the ranks and took her hand in



both of his she bowed her head and let her glance wander to where Mr. Joe stood talking with his father."

"Then I saw clearly how things were, and I saw my duty as the Lord made me to understand it."

"So one day when Mr. Joe came down the path under the wild grapevines and sat down in the door to talk to Aunt Becky I told him how anxious Miss Martha had been regarding him, and I saw his face brighten suddenly, as the old White river brightens when the clouds part and let the sunshine tumble down."

"That gave me courage, so I said, 'Mr. Joe,' says I, 'why don't you go courting Miss Martha?'"

"Mr. Joe rose up, and there was a look of deep pain on his face, but his lips were pressed tightly together."

"'Aunt Becky,' he says, 'Miss Martha has decided between us,' and with that he turned and walked away."

"I told Miss Martha what Mr. Joe said. She didn't make any reply; but I wanted slowly away down by the river, and I lost sight of her behind the brush over there."

"I followed her and found her lying amid the clover, with her face buried in her arms, the new sunshine falling across in her hair and her slim, little body shaking with her sobs."

"I took her in my arms and dried her tears and helped her back to my cabin."

"Then I heard some one whistling and she came down the path. So I told Miss Martha to sit down, and I shut the door and went to meet Mr. Joe and told him there was an old friend in my cabin who wanted to see him."

"Who is it?" he asked, but I says 'Go in and see, Mr. Joe, and God bless you both,' says I. Then I opened the door, and Mr. Joe went in alone."

"I walked down by the river and sat on the bank, watching the tree trunks bending to kiss the ripples."

"When I returned it was nearly sunset, and when I glanced in at the open door I saw Mr. Joe holding Miss Martha's hands and looking down into her face, and Miss Martha was smiling up into Mr. Joe's face, and in the eyes of each I saw a great tenderness. There was a deep stillness in the room, but down somewhere by the river there was a sapsucker singin'."

"Aunt Becky arose and, going to the door, drained the water off the potatoes."

"The child smiled. 'I am so glad,' she said. Then she arose hurriedly. 'But I hear mamma calling. Good-by, Aunt Becky.'"

"Vicarious Suffering."

"A headache is a dreadful thing."

"Yes, I have known it to afflict a whole household."

"What at once?"

"Yes."

"And have been epidemic or something of that kind."

"Oh, no, not at all. It was dad's head that ached."

The Buyers' Guide

The firms whose names are represented in our advertising columns are worthy of the confidence of every person in the community who has money to spend. The fact that they advertise stamps them as enterprising, progressive men of business, a credit to our town, and deserving of support. Our advertising columns comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair dealing, good goods, honest prices.

Don't Use a Scarecrow

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You can drive him out quickly if you use the mail order houses' own weapon—advertising. Mail order concerns are spending thousands of dollars every week in order to get trade from the home merchants. Do you think for a minute they would keep it up if they didn't get the business? Don't take it for granted that every one within a radius of 25 miles knows what you have to sell, and what your prices are. Nine times out of ten your prices are lower, but the customer is influenced by the up-to-date advertising of the mail order house. Every article you advertise should be described and priced. You must tell your story in an interesting way, and when you want to reach the buyers, of this community use the columns of this paper.

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L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:31 a. m.	8:30 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown.....	7:30 "	11:34 a. m.	8:30 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junction.....	6:45 "	9:25 "	5:22 "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00 "	8:20 "	4:30 "

Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:50 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown.....	6:37 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junction.....	7:20 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville.....	8:10 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

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BIG FIRE

Bardstown Distillery Burned And Whiskey Flood Like Water.

Kentucky Standard: The most disastrous conflagration which has occurred in this vicinity since in the fifties when half of Bardstown was swept away by fire, was witnessed by more than 1,000 people Wednesday afternoon. About half past two o'clock the alarm of fire was given, when a report was received that the Tom Moore Distillery about a mile out the New Haven pike was on fire. The city engine was hurried to the scene and hundreds of people hurried thither excitedly. The large warehouse on the east side of the pike was found to be on fire, instead of the distillery and already the smoke was pouring from every crevice of the large building. The fire was in the center of the structure and was burning outwards. The streams of water were turned on the building but the water entered only a short distance as the warehouse was filled with barrels of whisky to the number of about 11,000. A few barrels of whisky were removed from the building, and the case goods stored in the bottling house adjoining were carried to safety. Within an hour after the fire was discovered the flames shot through the metal roof and soon the whole warehouse was a seething, burning mass, the barrels exploding and the burning whisky ran in torrents down the rocky ravine into the Beech Fork river, more than half a mile away. The flames spread rapidly to the bottling house and office on the east side of the pike, razing it to the ground and about half past four o'clock the large warehouse on the west side of the pike caught on fire. Several hundred barrels of whisky had been rolled out of this warehouse down the pike and a ditch was dug across the pike to run the burning whisky from the warehouse west of the pike into the ravine and prevent the destruction of the whisky rolled down the pike to safety. The second warehouse with about 4,000 or more barrels of whisky burned and fell in before half-past six o'clock and the third and last warehouse was on fire.

This proved to be only slight, however, and one of the two streams of water, which had been protecting the distillery building on the North end of the burning warehouse, came to the rescue and this warehouse was saved. The fire smoldered all night and caught in the grass and underbrush and in dead trees on the hillside from the burning whisky, gushing down the picturesque ravine, and burned until a late hour in the night. In the Beech Fork river near the bridge is a whirlpool, into which the burning whisky ran, throwing circular flames high into the air, presenting on the surface of the river, after night a marvellously beautiful scene, which was witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from Bardstown and the neighboring community. The origin of the fire is a profound mystery, as the warehouse was locked and no one but the storekeeper is said to have entered it since Monday. About 15,000 barrels of whisky were burned and the value of same exclusive of tax is estimated at about \$375,000 or more. The loss to the government in tax is about \$750,000. The most of the whisky was sold and only part of the loss will be sustained by Mr. Moore. The warehouses were partially covered by insurance. The storage charges will be among the largest losses sustained by the firm. The whisky is believed to have been pretty well protected by insurance, \$250,850 of which was held in companies represented by the local insurance firm of Eugene Wilson & Co. as follows: Aetna \$7,500, Citizens \$4,900, German American \$16,700, Hartford \$7,000, Hartford \$9,500, Home Ins. Co. of N. A. \$15,500, M. National \$13,250, Niagara \$15,700, Orient \$2,000, Phoenix \$4,000, Queen \$10,200, Shawnee \$5,000, Springfield \$5,700, Royal \$3,000, Westchester \$20,550, Commercial Union \$2,500, Liv. & Lon. & G. \$71,000, London & Lancashire \$15,200, North Br. & Myer \$16,750, Northern \$16,500, Norwich Union \$7,750, Western \$2,750, New York Writers \$18,000, Natl Union of Panna \$4,400.

The Peoples Bank represented companies holding \$2,000, insurance on empty barrels belonging to the Distilleries Coopers Co., the greater part of which were not burned.

CARDWELL.

Not seeing any news from our town we will send in a few items.

Horn, to the wife of E. G. Holiday, a three pound girl. Both mother and baby are doing well.

Those on the sick list are Mrs. Erastus Mobley, very low with lung trouble; Messrs. C. C. and Worlie Lay, typhoid fever. C. C. Lay is very low.

Mr. J. W. Perkins, of Canav, spent several days last week with relatives at this place.

Mr. W. L. Graham sold to Louis Sallee one work horse for \$70.

Mr. James Lambert has a sale next Saturday and will move to McLean, Ill. John Moore also has a sale Saturday

and will move to the farm of Luther Cooksey, known as the Ben Birch farm, near Brooksville.

W. L. Graham bought of J. H. Baker one 6-year-old mare for \$160, and sold same to S. G. Cull, of Harrodsburg, for \$180.

Mrs. Parolia Sanders had a sale Saturday. Everything sold well. Calves \$14, cows \$50. Other things in proportion.

Mr. James Lambert sold his house and lot to James Lambert, of Harrodsburg, for \$300.

Born, to the wife of Ben Hendren, a girl.

Mr. John Riley is very low with pneumonia and is not expected to live but a few days.

John Bull is building a new house on his farm and will move to it in a few days.

Cardwell needs a first class black smith.

Mr. W. D. White caught a black eagle Saturday that weighed 80 pounds and measured 6 feet 10 inches from tip to tip.

Death of John Mackin.

Mr. Jno. Mackin, who formerly resided in this county, died at his home at LeJunt, Col., last Sunday of pneumonia. Mr. Mackin moved to Colorado about fifteen years ago, where he became a prosperous farmer. His death came as a severe shock to his many friends in this county, where he was well-known and liked by all people. Mr. Mackin visited friends and relatives here about six weeks ago. The deceased was a brother of Mr. M. A. Mackin, the well known farmer and stock trader, of near Springfield. He also leaves four sisters, who reside in this county. Burial occurred at his home in Colorado to day.

At Mackville Thursday Night at High School Building.

Debate-Resolved, That women should be given the right of suffrage. Affirmative, Slieve Bottom, Chas. Bottom, Miner Bottom; Negative, Jas. Peter, Omer Hume, Fred Mayes.

Duet-Juanita-Misses Turner and Peter.

Recitation-Sue and her Kimona-Mabel Turner.

Solo-When my Golden Hair has turned to Gray-Naomi Sweeney.

Recitation-A Lesson Worth Enshrining-Mattie Keightley.

Duet-If I Were Big Like You-Misses Shewmaker.

Dialogue-Misses Cochran and Riley and H. Shewmaker.

Recitation-A Boyless Town-Richard Kayes.

Solo-Two Little Dolls-Elizabeth Isham.

Recitation-An Important Call-Katherine Hamilton.

Recitation-Guess-Virgie Britton.

Solo-In the Shadow of the Old Carolina Hills-Lettye Mae Kayes.

Dialogue-Misses Sweeney, Young and Haydon; Messrs. Hickerson, Walker and Hume.

Recitation-Gambler's Wife-Bulah Shewmaker.

The Ruby.

If you make a ruby, hot it becomes green, but goes back again presently to its own color.

Burials in Japan.

There are no undertakers in Japan when a person dies it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him into a coffin and bury him, and the mourning does not begin until after burial.

Seniors and Senioritas.

The married and unmarried women of the United States of Colombia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the seniors wearing them on the right side and the senioritas on the left.

Spiders Thread.

Four miles of an ordinary spider's thread would weigh one grain.

Potatoes.

Potatoes as a food vary in value according to the way they are cooked. Roasted they are in the best form for eating. Potatoes are correct in principle, as the milk furnishes the elements lacking in the tubers.

London's Lord Mayor.

No man can be lord mayor of London without the sanction of the sovereign. The veto, however, has not been exercised since the time of the Stuarts.

Portugal.

About the year 1094 the name of Portugal appears in the annals. Alfonso VII. of Castile in that year signed over to Count Henry of Burgundy, who had left his native land to help fight the threatening Moor, the country of Portugal as a fief.

Our First Planes.

The first planes known in America were imported from London in 1784 by John Jacob Astor, but as they could not stand the rigors of this climate they soon became ruined. This fact led to the attempt to build planes in this country, and in the early part of the nineteenth century planes made their appearance.

The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50

A THANKSGIVING SACRIFICE

BY WILLIS B. HAWKINS
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THANKSGIVING, when the family all was sittin' round the table, Pa said us children should recall, As far as we was able, The many blessin's we had known Since las' Thanksgiving' day An' let our gratitude be shown In some substantial way.

"Twon't do," says he, "to jes' confess You're under obligation. You've got to show your thankfulness By more than conversation; You've got to do some actial thing That's worth your while to do, Er else Thanksgiving' day won't bring Its meed of joy to you."



"YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOME ACTIAL THING."

Then ma spoke up. "It's my idee

You've got to go still f'uther

An' mortify the flesh," says she,

"In one way er another.

You've got to make some sacrifice,

You've got to stan' some pain

That's hard to bear, er otherwise

Your thanks is all in vain."

"That's so," says pa, an' then an' there

He ast us in rotation

What pain each one of us would bear

To show our obligation.

Sue said she'd give up chawin' gum;

Tom said he'd split some wood;

I jes' kep' on a-keepin' mum

An' thinkin' hard 'I could.

Rimeby pa looked at me an' said,

"I s'pose you heard the question."

An' then it popped into my head

That I'd bear indignation.

"I guess," says I, "I'll take some more

Ice cream an' chocolate cake,

Then curl myself up on the floor

An' stan' the stomach ache."

Real Estate Bargains

No. 3-70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, Ky., good dwelling, good tobacco farm, plenty of tobacco land. Close to church and school. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 4-255 acres, in Nelson county, 3 good barns, good dwelling, all the farm grass. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 5-167 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, some timber, cedar posts, good dwelling and barn. Close to church and school. On good pike. Price \$15 per acre.

No. 10-108 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 15 acres of timber, plenty of fine tobacco land, new tobacco barn, large dwelling, well watered. Fine orchard. Close to depot and on good pike. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 16-196 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, one seven room dwelling, in good repair, 15 acre tobacco barn, plenty of grass and well watered. Good stock barn. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 18-194 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, good six room dwelling, on good pike, 34 miles from a depot, 1 mile from school and church, good stock barn, 60 acres of fine bottom land, 600 rods of stone fence. Price \$32 per acre.

No. 20-215 acres, 9 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, two good tenant houses, two tobacco barns, two stables, 75 acres of fine timber, fine orchard, plenty of grass. Price \$32.50 per acre.

No. 22-121 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, on a good pike, young orchard, good barn and fine water. Price \$15 per acre.

No. 23-189 acres, 9 miles from Springfield, small dwelling, two good tobacco barns, will hold 15 acres of tobacco, 1 mile from Maud, some timber, all the farm fine tobacco land, well fenced. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 25-248 acres, 8 room dwelling, good cellar, good well in yard, fine cistern at barn, fine stock barn, all the farm in grass, well watered. Less than 3 miles from graded school. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 38-180 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, on a good pike, most of farm in grass, good six room dwelling, good stock barn, well fenced, plenty of stock water, good well in yard. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 41-220 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 8 miles from Lebanon, new room dwelling, good cellar and cistern at house, never failing spring in yard, milk house at spring, good orchard, plenty of small fruit, 10 acre tobacco stock barn, all out buildings, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of grass. Price \$45 per acre.

No. 45-140 acres, 1 mile from school house in Springfield, Ky., small dwelling, good stock barn, well fenced, well watered, plenty of locusts and plenty of grass. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 46-984 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on a good pike, all the farm tobacco land, new tobacco barn, good dwelling, well fenced. Price \$37.50 per acre.

No. 47-Town property of all kinds and prices. If you want a town home and see me, I have anything you want at any price.

No. 55-206 acres, 4 miles from Springfield, on a good pike, good 9 room dwelling, one 12 acre tobacco barn, plenty of grass, farm situated in one of the best neighborhoods in the county, all lime stone land and fine tobacco land. Price \$75 per acre.

No. 98-165 acres, 4 miles from Loretto, 1 mile from pike, 8 miles from Springfield, Ky., 7 room dwelling in good repair, good barn and all necessary outbuildings, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of water, plenty of grass, all under good fence. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 99-46 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, good small house, good water, fine tobacco land, fine orchard. Close to church and school. Price \$1,500.00.

No. 100-160 acres, 8 room dwelling, 4 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, some timber, all in grass, well watered, plenty of fruit, 4 mile from school, 1 mile from school. Price \$45 per acre.

No. 101-133 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stable and meat house, milk house, fine orchard of 100 trees. Close to school, church and depot. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 102-150 acres, 8 room dwelling, 4 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, some timber, all in grass, well watered, plenty of fruit, 4 mile from school, 1 mile from school. Price \$45 per acre.

No. 103-170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, new, good granary, some bottom land, plenty of grass and water. Price \$42.50 per acre.

No. 104-200 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 7 miles from Lebanon, in good repair, 10 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, buggy shed and all out buildings, 20 acres of fine bottom land, 75 acres of fine tobacco land. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 105-170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, new, good granary, some bottom land, plenty of grass and water. Price \$42.50 per acre.

No. 106-180 acres, 8 room brick dwelling, in good repair, well fenced, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 107-150 acres, small house, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 108-144 acres, good dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 50 acres of fine bottom land, well fenced, plenty of upland for tobacco, some timber. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 109-180 acres, 4 room dwelling, in good repair, small stock barn, well watered, plenty of grass, good fence, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$25 per acre.

No. 110-2774 acres, 1 mile from Springfield, on good pike, 45 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, small house, plenty of grass and water. Price \$15,000.

No. 111-160 acres, 5 miles from Lebanon, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 9 room dwelling, in good repair, good tenant house, 3 stock barns, plenty of grass, all necessary out buildings, well watered and under good fence. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 112-1674 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from good road, 3 room dwelling, in good repair, 4 acre tobacco barn, 75 acres of good grass, 25 acres of good tobacco land, good fence and plenty of water. Price \$2,000.

No. 113-90 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good road, 6 room dwelling, in good repair, 6 acre tobacco barn, new stock barn, buggy house, 2 good wells, good spring, plenty of posts. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 114-270 acres, 9 room brick dwelling, in good repair, all of farm well fenced, 2 good tobacco barns, 50 acres of first bottom, rest second bottom, one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass, all the farm ready for the plow. Close to school and church. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 115-130 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 4 mile from school and church, in Pleasant Grove neighborhood, 8 room dwelling, 16 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, fine young orchard, tenant house, all of farm under good fence. Price \$70 per acre.

No. 116-House and lot in Fenwick, cheap.

No. 117-136 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 6 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, all the farm under good fence, good tobacco land, well watered, plenty of grass. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 118-133 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stable and meat house, milk house, fine orchard of 100 trees. Close to school, church and depot. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 119-150 acres, 8 room dwelling, 4 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, some timber, all in grass, well watered, plenty of fruit, 4 mile from school, 1 mile from school. Price \$45 per acre.

No. 120-170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, new, good granary, some bottom land, plenty of grass and water. Price \$42.50 per acre.

No. 121-200 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 7 miles from Lebanon, in good repair, 10 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, buggy shed and all out buildings, 20 acres of fine bottom land, 75 acres of fine tobacco land. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 122-170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, new, good granary, some bottom land, plenty of grass and water. Price \$42.50 per acre.

No. 123-180 acres, 8 room brick dwelling, in good repair, well fenced, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 124-150 acres, small house, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 125-144 acres, good dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 50 acres of fine bottom land, well fenced, plenty of upland for tobacco, some timber. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 126-180 acres, 4 room dwelling, in good repair, small stock barn, well watered, plenty of grass, good fence, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$25 per acre.

No. 127-2774 acres, 1 mile from Springfield, on good pike, 45 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, small house, plenty of grass and water. Price \$15,000.

No. 128-160 acres, 5 miles from Lebanon, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 9 room dwelling, in good repair, good tenant house, 3 stock barns, plenty of grass, all necessary out buildings, well watered and under good fence. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 129-1674 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from good road, 3 room dwelling, in good repair, 4 acre tobacco barn, 75 acres of good grass, 25 acres of good tobacco land, good fence and plenty of water. Price \$2,000.

No. 130-90 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good road, 6 room dwelling, in good repair, 6 acre tobacco barn, new stock barn, buggy house, 2 good wells, good spring, plenty of posts. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 131-270 acres, 9 room brick dwelling, in good repair, all of farm well fenced, 2 good tobacco barns, 50 acres of first bottom, rest second bottom, one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass, all the farm ready for the plow. Close to school and church. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 132-130 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 4 mile from school and church, in Pleasant Grove neighborhood, 8 room dwelling, 16 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, fine young orchard, tenant house, all of farm under good fence. Price \$70 per acre.

No. 133-House and lot in Fenwick, cheap.

No. 134-136 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 6 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, all the farm under good fence, good tobacco land, well watered, plenty of grass. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 135-133 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stable and meat house, milk house, fine orchard of 100 trees. Close to school, church and depot. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 136-150 acres, 8 room dwelling, 4 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, some timber, all in grass, well watered, plenty of fruit, 4 mile from school, 1 mile from school. Price \$45 per acre.

No. 137-170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, new, good granary, some bottom land, plenty of grass and water. Price \$42.50 per acre.

No. 138-180 acres, 8 room brick dwelling, in good repair, well fenced, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 139-150 acres, small house, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 140-144 acres, good dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 50 acres of fine bottom land, well fenced, plenty of upland for tobacco, some timber. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 141-180 acres, 4 room dwelling, in good repair, small stock barn, well watered, plenty of grass, good fence, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$25 per acre.

No. 142-2774 acres, 1 mile from Springfield, on good pike, 45 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, small house, plenty of grass and water. Price \$15,000.

No. 143-160 acres, 5 miles from Lebanon, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 9 room dwelling, in good repair, good tenant house, 3 stock barns, plenty of grass, all necessary out buildings, well watered and under good fence. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 144-1674 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from good road, 3 room dwelling, in good repair, 4 acre tobacco barn, 75 acres of good grass, 25 acres of good tobacco land, good fence and plenty of water. Price \$2,000.

No. 145-90 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good road, 6 room dwelling, in good repair, 6 acre tobacco barn, new stock barn, buggy house, 2 good wells, good spring, plenty of posts. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 146-270 acres, 9 room brick dwelling, in good repair, all of farm well fenced, 2 good tobacco barns, 50 acres of first bottom, rest second bottom, one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass, all the farm ready for the plow. Close to school and church. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 147-130 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 4 mile from school and church, in Pleasant Grove neighborhood, 8 room dwelling, 16 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, fine young orchard, tenant house, all of farm under good fence. Price \$70 per acre.

No. 148-House and lot in Fenwick, cheap.

No. 149-136 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 6 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, all the farm under good fence, good tobacco land, well watered, plenty of grass. Price \$35 per acre.